Zion's Herald.

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Zion's Herald.

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

The Outlook.

The industrial parade on Labor Day in this city last Monday was entirely successful both in point of numbers and harmony. Some 12,000 men were in line, representing the various trade organizations. The music, the mottoes, the marching, the marshaling were all commendable. The floats, as usual, were interesting features — object lessons of the crafts in miniature. The procession was reviewed by Governor Wolcott and Mayor Quincy. The spectacle of this peaceful army of wage-earners, self-respecting, united, wealth-creative, made a deep impression upon every thoughtful spectator.

In New York city last year 41,622 persons died; of these only five were centenarians. The suicides numbered 384; gun-shot wounds, carbolic acid, hanging and illuminating gas were the preferred methods. There were 20,513 marriages; two of these were of white men to colored women; eighteen were of white women to colored men; one Japanese and eleven Chinamen married white women, and one white man married a Japanese woman. The births numbered 55,623, the males out-numbering the females by 865; the tenement districts had by far the largest birthrate; the lowest was in the wards inhabited by the more prosperous classes. A conspicuous reduction in the deathrate of children in the filthiest and most crowded wards followed the improved methods of street cleaning — the decrease being 35 9 per cent.

The end of the strike of the 150,000 bituminous coal miners is apparently reached, as we go to press. Some of the miners still hold out for the 69 cent rate, but the proposition that the strikers resume work at once at a rate of 65 cents a ton in the Pittsburg district and 56 cents in the Ohio field, with corresponding advances in the other States, will probably be accepted. This rate is to continue in effect until January, 1898, when a new rate, which shall be agreed to prior to that time by the miners and operators in joint conference, shall go into effect. The strike began on the Fourth of July. It has been conducted with most commendable self-restraint. Unfortunately there can be no permanent settlement of this trouble unless the miners are greatly reduced in number, or the consumption of coal is greatly increased. So long as excessive production keeps down the price of this grade of coal, the operators cannot afford to pay the miners adequate wages.

Explorer Jackson and his party, who have spent three years in Franz Josef Land, have returned to England. Their steamer, the "Windward," it will be remembered, brought Nansen and his companion back to Norway after their dash for the Pole. Mr. Jackson did not see Andree's balloon, but he left provisions at "Elmwood," in case the aeronaut should return that way. He is convinced that there is no land north of Franz Josef Land; that the much-discussed Gillies Land does not lie where Arctic geographers have located it, and may be considered non-existent; that Peterman Land, if it exists at all, must be small; that areas of small islands, hummocks and ice packs lie north of the continents, and north of these areas an open sea. Mr. Jackson will lead another Arctic expedition, but will arrange for independent action — no longer "the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition," but simply "the Jackson expedition."

By a recent circular of the Treasury Department with reference to the tax on personal baggage, only such articles of wearing apparel, toilet articles, etc., as actually accompany the passenger are entitled to free entry. They cannot be forwarded here after the owner's arrival without paying duty. Persons who have been abroad two years or more, and having a fixed abode for one year at least, will be considered non-residents, and be entitled to special provisions. Wearing apparel and personal effects taken abroad may be brought back free of duty provided such goods are identified to the satisfaction of the customs officer according to rules prescribed. Articles purchased abroad will be admitted free, if their maximum value does not exceed $100.

The astronomer in charge of Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Ari., Dr. See, professes to have discovered the cause of the twinkling of stars. He finds it to be "the presence in the atmosphere of innumerable little air currents or waves which cause a break in the light from the star." The star does not twinkle; the medium through which we look at it is rippled or broken by these currents or waves. By removing the eye-piece of the telescope these air currents can be distinguished.

The boundary line between Alaska and the British Northwest Territory has not yet been officially determined; but substantial agreement was reached by the surveying parties sent out by the respective countries. It was simply to locate the 141st meridian. The Canadian party, under Ogilvie, took the section near the Yukon, and their work was checked and found to be correct by the officials of our Coast and Geodetic Survey. Dawson City is fully fifty miles on the Canadian side of the Ogilvie line. The Klondike district, however, is not the only region of auriferous deposit. The zone, according to Surveyor Ogilvie, is at least five hundred miles long. It reaches over into Alaska and extends through the Northwest Territory into British Columbia. "The conditions, however," says Mr. Ogilvie, "are most unfavorable. There is a nine months' winter, barrenness is almost total, the earth is bound in eternal frost, and the thermometer often reaches 60 and 70 degrees below zero."

The Red Cross ministrations are sadly needed in Cuba. Permission was obtained from the Spanish Government months ago for Miss Barton and her staff of workers to go to the island, but the mission failed for lack funds. Some well-known women in Washington, under the lead of the wife of Senator Burrows, have associated themselves to raise a fund of at least $25,000 to inaugurate the beneficent work. They call themselves "The National Relief Association for Cuba," and are enlisting members, who become such by the payment of one dollar. In their appeal they say: —

"None of us is blind or deaf to Cuba's long struggle for the liberty of self-government. Into our souls has gone the terrible realization of the horrors of war, of pestilence, of famine, and of death. We have our individual opinions of what the governments of the earth, in political relations, could or should do, but this does not affect the plain, simple duty before us. Whether or not, according to the codes of international law, the island is in a state of war; whether or not the people of Cuba are entitled to self-government; whether or not by a great sum this independence should be bought; however these political questions are viewed or shall be finally settled, the terrible fact daily and hourly confronts us, that on an island, less distant from our shores than New York is from Washington, men and women and children are starving and dying. Our duty is affected by no other consideration than our ability to help. We long ago learned that the measure of opportunity is the measure of responsibility."

Palestine for the Jews.

Some two hundred delegates from various countries of Europe attended the Zionist Congress at Basle, Switzerland, last week, to consider the proposed scheme of re-establishing the Jews in Palestine, and consolidating them into a State with publicly-recognised rights. Dr. Theodor Herzl, the prime mover in this enterprise, and the author of "The Jewish State," a work outlining and justifying the scheme, was chosen president. Dr. Max Nordau, the author of "Degeneration," was elected vice-president. The plan was duly considered and adopted. A central committee of twenty-three members, representing all the national groups, was selected, the headquarters to be at Vienna. This committee was authorized to raise a fund of $50,000,000. A university in Jerusalem is projected. The first step will be to acquire possession of Palestine from the Sultan by purchase, and the acquiescence of the Powers in the political purpose of forming a Hebrew State. Exploring parties will then be sent out, which will study the land from end to end and establish routes for telephonic, railway and highway communication. Emigration and settlement will then be encouraged, the movement to be carefully regulated. The sessions of the Congress were marked by great enthusiasm. The meeting next year will be held in Jerusalem.

The New Subway.

A section of the new underground thoroughfare for street cars in this city — from Park Street to the Public Garden — was opened to public use on the 1st inst. Great surprise and pleasure were expressed at the lightness, spaciousness, dryness and airiness of this subterranean construction, which is expected not only to relieve the congested streets on the surface, but also to expedite transit. The completed section is about three-quarters of a mile long, and the trip between the termini is made in about four minutes, a saving of at least from six to fifteen minutes. Work was begun on the Subway three years ago last March. The total length of the line is one and one-half miles. The estimated cost of the undertaking is only $5,500,000, although $7,000,000 was appropriated by the city for the purpose. In dimensions, the structure is fourteen feet high and twenty-four wide where two tracks are laid, and forty-eight feet wide where there are four tracks. So gratifying is the success of this enterprise that the opinion is expressed that Washington and other crowded streets will ere long have their subways, and that nearly all the car transportation in the city will be operated below the surface.

The Farmers Congress.

It was held in St. Paul, Minn., last week — the seventeenth session of the body. This organization, it will be remembered, is a national one, an evolution from the Grange movement, which failed from lack of coherency. The Farmers Alliance, which followed, was too local to accomplish the reforms desired, and the Congress, composed of one delegate from each Congressional district and two at large from each State, was the final outcome of the movement. President Clayton, of Indianola, Iowa, in his opening address, declared that "the farmer of this generation is confronted by problems more serious, and requiring more trained mind to solve, than were presented to the generation which cut off the primeval forests and planted the virgin soil; but," he continued, "he holds in his hands a key to these problems, and the power to redress his wrongs." That the agricultural mind is being "trained" in the right direction was made clear when the opinions of the Congress were formulated. The committee on Resolutions promptly rejected propositions for the free coinage of silver, Government ownership of railroads, the referendum, the imposition of an income tax, and other Populistic projects. An amendment to the constitution was adopted which broadens the scope of the organization by permitting all institutions and organizations interested in agriculture to send delegates to the Farmers Congress. A resolution urging the Government to expedite work on the harbors of refuge on the Great Lakes, was passed; also one favoring a discriminating duty on goods imported in American vessels, including a provision for the purchase of foreign vessels, which can be registered if the owner gives satisfactory bonds to build other vessels of equal tonnage within a reasonable time.

The Abolition of Prisons Proposed.

The existence of a distinctly criminal class in this country was denied by Mr. W. M. F. Round, corresponding secretary of the Prison Association of New York, in a paper read before the Social Science Conference in Saratoga last week. He contended that over half of our imprisoned convicts (45,000 out of 86,000) are under thirty years of age, and amenable, therefore, to reformatory influences. They should be sent to reformatory institutions where, judging from statistics, at least 80 per cent. can be saved and restored to society. The drunkards, who number about 3,000 in the prison census of the country at large, should be relegated to asylums for medical treatment. The indeterminate sentence principle should be applied in the case of the 33,000 convicts that remain. In New Zealand law-breakers may be released on the suretyship of two responsible citizens who promise surveillance. In Italy a domiciliary imprisonment is in vogue for certain offences — transgressors being sentenced to remain in their own homes. Both these schemes were approved by Mr. Round. This eminent penologist, in short, is of the opinion that, in most cases, the prisons and not the crime create the stigma of criminality, and that, therefore, such prisons as are not distinctly reformatory in their purpose, should be abolished, and other methods substituted.

Seth Low for Mayor of New York.

Four of the five borough committees (representing Manhattan, Bronx, Queens and Richmond) of the Citizens Union of Greater New York last week formally nominated Hon. Seth Low, president of Columbia College, for mayor of the consolidated city. The Brooklyn representatives did not participate, on the ground that immediate action was unadvisable. A special messenger was sent to Mr. Low at Northeast Harbor, Me., conveying two letters, one tendering him the nomination of the Union as an independent, non-partisan candidate; the other assuring him that the condition which he had imposed — that there should be a popular desire for his candidacy "as a unifying force among the friends of good government in the city" — had been fully met, 127,903 votes being already pledged to his support. Mr. Low has signified his acceptance of the nomination. "No patriot under such circumstances could decline to stand," he said. But he hints that, in his official letter of acceptance, he will deal with the condition of things as it is at present, which he declares is different from what he contemplated when he wrote his letter in June last. He earnestly invokes the support of all who make the welfare of the city their first concern. Some indignation was expressed at the precipitancy of the Citizens Union in making this nomination — in their refusal to postpone action until harmony had been reached among all the anti-Tammany factions. The Republican leaders were especially irritated by this "headlong haste." Nothing apparently remains for them but to accept the situation and endorse the nomination. To do otherwise, to put a party ticket into the field, would be to invite disaster. Says the New York *Tribune:* "There are times when personal and party sensibilities ought to be subordinate to public duty, and this is one of them. The Republican party, which is responsible for the existence of the Greater New York, is accountable for its future weal or woe. It cannot afford to turn over three million people to be robbed by Tammany Hall. Better ruffled sensibilities than such a record. Better the respect and gratitude of those three million people for unselfish work in their behalf than any satisfaction of party pride."

Our Contributors.

THE GREAT LENS.

Annie E. Smiley.

The master works on the rounded disc,
Holds it firmly in his control;
Molds and fashions it, guarding each risk,
As God chisels out a soul.

At last when each perfected whole
Crystal-clear to the world is given,
Through polished disc and saintly soul
We look, and see God's heaven.

Milford, Mass.

A QUEER JOURNEY.

Bishop D. A. Goodsell.

I AM old enough to remember the days before the Hudson River Railroad was built; when the steamer "Troy" plying between New York and Troy had connecting rods of wood strapped with iron bands; when the ferry-boat between Troy and West Troy was propelled by horse-power; when the only public conveyance between Troy and Whitehall, at the head of Lake Champlain, was the canal packet drawn by six horses, tandem, at six miles an hour, the passengers being hung up on shelves for the night, and lounging under deck awnings by day when not ducking heads at the cry of "bridge!" Somewhere between Troy and Whitehall I saw my first piano at a canal hotel, and remember my wonder at the music which came from the big table. All this in the year 1846.

This year of grace 1897 I have crossed Sweden from Göteborg, of Göteborg license system disrepute, to Stockholm by the

Gota Canal,

and a queer, interesting, delightful and half-sleepless journey of three days it was. The distance is three hundred miles. The conveyance is a miniature ocean steamer one hundred feet long, mimicking outwardly and inwardly an Atlantic liner, even to two pole-masts. She had her conversation room, where as many as six people could sit at once; and as many as twenty-five could sit down in her dining saloon to a meal. She had her first, second and third-class accommodations. For me her berth was like that bed mentioned by the prophet which was "shorter than that a man could stretch himself on it and the covering narrower than that a man could wrap himself in it." Her little engine drove the little boat (which was yet so large that if it had been two inches larger in any dimension she could not have passed any one of the seventy-four locks by which she was raised to a height of three hundred feet above the sea-level at Vassbacken and then let down again to the Baltic at Söderkoping) at ten miles an hour in the lakes and at five in the canals. I chose this route first because I had the time between the close of the Sweden Conference and the opening of the Finnish Mission at Wasa near the Arctic Circle; and, secondly, because it was cheaper than the combined railroad and hotel expense for the time which must be spent between the close of one Conference and the beginning of another.

It was high noon when we left the fine stone quay at Göteborg and steamed up the Göta River toward Trolhätten. I had fancied that no American save myself would be on board, but was mistaken. One of the best specimens of our army officers I ever met, a famous instructor in artillery, was on board, with wife and sons, and a few moments made us friendly through our common nationality and through having some of the same friends. It was a god-send to me, for I was alone, though the captain in blue and gold, and dignified enough to be master of the "St. Paul," could speak English and was very courteous. For a few miles we watched the black and hoary granite cliffs between which the river passes, and were then called to dinner.

This was peculiarly Swedish. Everywhere in Sweden it is customary to eat something at the "Smörgös" (butter goose) board before you begin. Alas! the central feature of this board is a certain fiery rye brandy, said to be almost pure alcohol, of which the natives take one or two wine-glasses full as an appetizer. This was flanked, fronted, backed, and girdled by the following articles, to which all were at liberty to help themselves and to eat standing: Bread, butter, two kinds of spirits, anchovies, stewed eels, cold boiled salmon, scrambled eggs hot, pickled beets, boiled ham, Frankfurter sausage, Vienna sausage, radishes, salt salmon, smoked salmon, sago cheese, Swedish cheese, lobster, crayfish, shrimp, fried pork, cream potatoes, stewed potatoes, Bologna sausage, boiled potatoes, cold beef-steak and onions, pickled pigs' feet, cold chicken, cucumbers, smoked reindeer ham, lamb chops with tomato sauce, sardines and caviar! From these each selected what best suited his appetite. Some seemed to be well suited by a taste of all. "Smörgös" finished and appetite supposed now to be furious, all sat down to a dinner of five courses! The Germans told me in Germany that the Swedes keep themselves poor by eating up their wealth, and I partly believe it.

Near Trolhätten we were lifted to a canal skirting some ugly rapids which are utilized for electric lights and paper and iron works. The real charm began, however, at the foot of the rocky embankment one hundred feet high which shuts off Lake Wener from that part of the Göta River which is level with the sea. Here is

A Staircase of Eleven Locks,

each lifting the vessels ten feet. A more curious sight than this great granite staircase with steamers on the steps one can seldom see. Our boat requiring two hours to climb it, I walked along the canal bank to Trolhätten, where the outlet of Lake Wener roars and plunges down one hundred and ten feet in half a mile. At only one spot is there a fall which would make a respectable American cataract; the rest is rapid and rush.

At Wenersborg the steamer entered the utterly uninteresting but vast Lake Wener, one hundred miles long and fifty wide. Fortunately we had a calm night. What our stumpy little boat could do in dancing was reserved for Lake Wetter. It was like a sail through uninhabited and primeval country — scarcely a spire to indicate humanity, only the low shores and the gloom of the spruce. It was not yet dark at midnight when I went to uneasy sleep in the bandbox of a stateroom.

At five next morning we entered another canal at Sjortorp, where the locks recurring at intervals of a quarter of a mile gave me one of the most charming walks of my life. The canal is above the general level, and so there was a broad outlook over farm-houses and grain-fields ready for the reaper. The canal itself was shaded heavily and the banks were delightful with alternate patches of light and shade. One passenger whirled by me on his bicycle and we saw him no more until the canal entered Lake Wiken in the early afternoon. Occasionally we passed other steamers with a very narrow margin against collision, but always missing it.

Lake Wiken was an ideal lake with rocky islands, spruce-clad, and, at the lower end of a long vista, the noble manor of Ryholm. Thence into the Botten Lake, of similar charm, closed off from Lake Wetter by a long sandy peninsula, bright with pretty cottages; and beyond, the wide expanse of Lake Wetter with hilly shores and some noble islands. A strong north wind made a rough sea on the great lake, and in an instant we passed from a dead calm to the liveliest pitching. Our obese steamer behaved nobly. She was too wide to roll and so she took the water over her bows and sprinkled her deck far aft. One by one the ladies disappeared, to come up again in two hours at Wadstena, on the other side, with white faces which exposed their fibs about having had such nice naps. But may they be forgiven, for seasickness is demoralizing. Wadstena gave us a run through a fine old castle of the sixteenth century built by Gustavus Wasa. We were whistled out of the vaulted chapel by our impatient captain.

Here began

The Descent to the Baltic

in five locks to Lake Boren, as beautiful a sheet of water as one can see anywhere, and which was traversed all too soon. Then fifteen locks more brought us to a stretch of canal high above fertile fields, great barns and occasional castles and manor houses. Then two hours of locks into Lake Roxen (we had now descended two hundred feet), improved by a visit to the Wreta Klosterkyrka, once part of a Cistercian monastery of the twelfth century.

And so through lakes and locks until, on the second morning, a single lock lets us out into the Baltic near the Royal Castle of Stegeborg. A long island-dotted bay is traversed at full speed, and then the Baltic, sometimes open but happily smooth, sometimes shut in by the fringe of rocky islets which guard the mainland of Sweden. All day we threaded the rocks and reefs on our way northward, calling at picturesque ports upon which we came suddenly, and passing huge steamers bound for the Skager-Rack, the North Sea, and the Cattegat, fishing-boats, rafts of logs worthy in length and size of the Pacific Coast, and occasionally a boat of viking pattern and sail, a true survival of the old Norse life.

About four o'clock the "Venus" (I have forgotten to mention our boat's name before, perhaps from the incongruity between her name and shape) nosed herself somehow into the short Södertelje canal, deep cut between banks a hundred feet high, and then into a lock which lifts her only a single foot into the many-fingered Lake Maelar, on the thumb of which sits Stockholm. I was astonished to be so near a great city and to see few traces of life. An occasional summer cottage, here and there a tiny patch of grass, but chiefly high banks covered with the gloomy fir and spruce. A thousand charming sites for homes, and only a wilderness.

A sudden turn around a point, and

Stockholm

rises nobly from her islands and a half-hour brings us to the quay lined with fifty boats as stubby and stanch as the one which had brought us safely in sixty hours from the North Sea to the Baltic, across the rivers, lakes and hills of the widest part of Sweden. It was surely a queer journey where one could walk for miles or ride his wheel with the certainly of keeping ahead of the steamer, or sink with her into granite basins until the world was shut off, only to reappear as she entered another lock to sink again out of sight, and then emerge into a charming daylight of lake, island and village. Thus I made one-third of my journey from the seat of the Sweden Conference to that of the Finland Mission. The other two-thirds were even more novel, and through a less known land, and carried me northward almost to the Arctic Circle. The description of this part of the trip must wait until another time. And, thank God, I hope to be in my own land before this or that shall be in print.

Copenhagen, Aug 5.

ECHOES FROM THE OLD WORLD.

IV.

Mary E. Lunn.

ON our last Sunday before leaving London for the Continent, we had the pleasure of hearing Rev. Mark Guy Pearse in the morning at St. James' Hall, and Rev. Hugh Price Hughes in the evening at the same place, when the latter received into the Mission Church over forty new members.

The next Sunday found us in Geneva, Switzerland, the preceding days having been spent in a busy inspection of Paris wonders.

Through the kindness of one of our Boston physicians, we had the pleasure of meeting a noted doctor in Geneva. He kindly talked with us about hospital work as related to deaconesses — who, he was free to acknowledge, make the best nurses — and showed us through his own nicely-equipped private hospital, with spacious grounds affording an ideal place for convalescence.

From Geneva we went to Rome, where we were very pleasantly entertained by two of our missionaries, Misses Hall and Bowne, in charge of the Methodist Feminine Institute. We should like to write at length about our visit in Rome, but time and space will only allow brief reference to it. We were rejoiced to find our anticipations realized in our visit to our own Methodist Block, situated on the same street with the King's palace, from which the Pope fled to the Vatican where he is practically a prisoner.

Poor, priest-ridden Rome! How our hearts ached as we saw the degradation, ignorance and superstition of her people! Some one has said: "Rome has two armies to support — her soldiers and her priests. It is no wonder she is kept poor!" And when we saw the toe of the image said to have been intended originally to represent Agrippina and her son Nero, now used as a Madonna, kissed by dozens of people while we were looking about the church, we felt an ever-increasing longing to have more earnest effort made to tell these poor, deluded people that "there is *one* Mediator, even Christ." The image is literally covered with costly jewels, the votive offerings of her worshipers in acknowledgment of help given in sickness and the like. Surely our Methodism, in its gratitude for the many individual and collective blessings that have been showered upon her, will not let her work for Christ in Rome suffer for want of generous support, that will bring such glorious victories for our King Emanuel. The work is being nobly carried on in all its departments, but more workers and larger funds are needed to enable the open doors of splendid opportunity to be entered, in order that Rome may once more, as in Paul's time, have the pure Gospel declared.

Riding out on the Appian Way, visiting the Mamertine Prison, being shown the supposed site of Paul's hired house and the unquestioned site of the Prætorian Guard, and seeing the staircase up which Luther (like the men and women whom we saw) went slowly on his knees while praying, when the message came to him, "The just shall live by faith" — for the result of which we are all so grateful — all these things fired our hearts with a burning zeal which will surely find vent in renewed devotion to our blessed Christ, letting Him work through us in any way He sees best in the furtherance of the evangelization of the world for whom He died.

The Sunday after our delightful week in Rome found us in Florence, searching in vain for an English service. The three places of Protestant worship there are closed during the summer, but with grateful hearts we could worship in spirit, praying with increased intensity for the multitudes, who, on a Continental Sunday, find so little real Sabbath rest and peace.

At Venice we visited the Evangelical Mission, in charge of an English lady who acknowledged gratefully the kind and efficient helpfulness of Dr. Burt of Rome.

Our stay in Milan was only for a few hours, to see Leonardo da Vinci's picture, "The Last Supper," and the marvelous Cathedral; then we returned to Switzerland for a little time of wonderful pleasure among her "everlasting hills."

On our way to Grindelwald we were permitted for an hour to wander about the mountain paths 6,788 feet above the level of the sea, while Jungfrau and many other mountains clad in bridal robes of snow and ice stood in grandeur before us, and every now and then the roar of an avalanche broke in upon the melodious tinkle of the alpine cow-bell; and there, in sight of such wintry magnificence, we trod the velvet carpet of grass strewn with daisies and blue-bells. On the shady side of a slope I made a snowball, and three feet away gathered golden buttercups!

We had the privilege of spending one night on Mt. Rigi, and of witnessing the marvelous glory of a sunrise, when one after another of the distant snow-covered mountains caught the radiant beams, and their white robes were tinged with roseate hue.

Remembering that the Mount of Transfiguration is followed by the Valley of Service, the mingled feelings occasioned by these experiences seemed to find expression in the following crude lines: —

Upon the mountain top I stand,
While scenes exceeding fairy-land
Are spread before my gaze;
And now within, all turmoil stilled,
My heart with adoration's filled
And gratitude and praise

To Him whose love has brought me here,
Showing to me so wondrous clear
The marvels of His power.
He speaks to me in tones so sweet
That 'tis a joy His voice to greet
In this glad, sacred hour.

The message comes to check my thought
That such a place with blessing fraught
Might my abode remain;
And so I go with willing feet,
Sad, burdened hearts of earth to meet,
And pour in oil and wine.

This naturally brings me to the thought of our work at home, whence come letters saying that the beds in the Hospital are all full, even in the summer when so many of the doctors are away, and many sufferers will have to be refused admission until more room is given to the work. That proper buildings will in time be erected we have strong faith to believe, and our study of the work here convinces us that more and more the cottage or pavilion plan with a quadrangle is growing in favor, which seems much more feasible than a very large building built all at once. We hope our friends are continuing to pray and look for a suitable piece of land where one building after another can be erected and used, always giving promise of enlargement as the development of the work shall make necessary. Our faith is large, for when God and His people unite, no limit need cripple His work.

We have yet to visit the Deaconess Homes in Frankfort and Kaiserswerth, and our next and last letter will, we hope, be from the latter place.

In the SEPTEMBER
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

"When Henry Clay Said Farewell to the Senate"
(Illustrated)

Dwight L. Moody's Bible Class

Mrs. Bottome's History of The King's Daughters

One Dollar a Year Ten Cents a Copy

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A PLEA FOR REVIVALS.

From Our Presiding Elders.

ALL the presiding elders of our six patronizing Conferences were requested to unite in an appeal to the ministers and churches for immediate and earnest revival effort.

New England Conference.

Rev. G. F. Eaton, D. D.
North District.

THE great need in all of our churches is a revival of religion; and we need it now. Why wait four months, when fields are white now for harvest? The Christian Church ought to be so efficiently organized, and to possess in its membership such a body of consecrated people, that nothing in the way of needful service should be impossible. Why wait? It is an easy matter to name and to magnify the difficulties in the way, to underestimate the ability of pastor and people, and to anxiously inquire for some special leaders. But wherefore? Am I wrong when I say that if a pastor and his people really desire a revival, they can have it at any time and anywhere. What can stand in the way of a united, prayerful, working church, determined by divine grace on a revival in the community? A devoted pastor, with a responsive people burdened for souls, constitutes a revival church at whose altars penitents will kneel in September as well as in December.

Rev. J. H. Mansfield, D. D.
South District.

MY Beloved Brethren in the Ministry and Laity: I know something of your self-denials and labors for the church of our choice and for the Master whom we serve. I am sure you desire the welfare of Zion and the salvation of souls. Suffer, then, a word of appeal and counsel.

Now that the summer is past and our people are returning to their homes, let us provide for a "Rally Day" in all our charges. Don't lose any precious time in getting ready for aggressive work. Seek to have all services fully attended and of marked interest and power. Five months of the Conference year have gone, and the seven months remaining will determine whether the year is a success or a failure. We cannot afford to fail at any point. There ought to be the revival spirit and conversions in every charge on the district. There is indifference to our work on the part of the unsaved, and indifference among men in regard to their own salvation. There must be no indifference on the part of the followers of Jesus.

I am fully convinced, by observation and experience, that the autumn months are the best for revival work. The weather is more propitious than in winter, more of our people can attend the services, and the expense is less. The Week of Prayer ought to be observed in all our churches, but it is too late in the Conference year to begin our revival services. Begin now, and work and pray and plan for the salvation of souls, and when the Week of Prayer comes, we will be in good condition for other efforts and victories. I would advise four days' meetings, home camp-meetings, and in some cases union services. I will aid wherever possible, especially in the smaller churches, in securing the co-operation of pastors of neighboring charges to carry on revival services. Our weak churches need to be strengthened by revival power and results, or they will decline and die.

Let us give more earnest thought and effort to the unchurched people in all our communities and cities. I advise special endeavor to reach the young men. Epworth Leagues cannot do better than to give attention and effort along this line. How we shall save the young men is a great problem. Seek to solve it.

The Lord is on our side in all revival work carried on in His name. The Gospel has lost none of its power to save. With faith, prayer and work we can succeed in building up the church by saving souls. Let the revival begin in church and Sunday-school and Epworth League at once. Let it begin now in our hearts.

Rev. E. R. Thorndike, D. D.
East District.

IF the ministers and members of the sixty-one churches of East District would worthily consider what a true revival in religion would mean to their different fields of labor, they could but feel the need of one; and if, deeply feeling such a need, they would unitedly pray for it, and search the Scriptures while they prayed, that they might learn upon what conditions it could be obtained; and, however great the demands might be upon them, would cease not their praying until they found faith and strength to meet those demands, who doubts but that this desired quickening would come? How recreant, then, shall we be to most sacred obligations if we fail to do all we can to promote this spiritual movement. How can we claim to be true disciples of Him who did so much for us if we fail to do our best? Think of the multitudes who have toiled and sacrificed to make our day and church what it is. Listen to the examples that speak; behold the light that shines; estimate the benefits; reckon up the privileges; consider the sacred talents, precious as they are varied, which have been committed to our care — and who can be more guilty than that disciple of our Lord who fails to improve upon what cost those so much who bequeathed them to us, not to have and hold, save but in trust for future generations, transmitting them with increase, or else being unprofitable servants!

I am unworthy to exhort, but let us ask ourselves what we are doing, what we have accomplished, how we can meet some at the judgment unless we do more.

New England Southern Conference.

Rev. E. C. Hass, D. D.
Providence District.

WE pastors are "put in charge." We have many interests to care for; but first, last, and chief of all, we care for souls. All our work as "laborers together with God," is to bring men into fellowship with Christ, and then build them up in Christian character. Our proper work is all revivalistic — bringing men into the new life, and into that life more and more abundantly. Are we expecting these results? Have we faith — in God, in the Word we preach, and in our work? Are we so working that our own faith is growing while we work? Every man must find his own best method, and will find it, and his charge will prosper if he is "a workman of God." A fruitless year is impossible if we are "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

Brethren of the laity, are you praying for and doing your part for the conversion of your unsaved friends and neighbors? Are you so at work for this object as to feel warranted in expecting any revival? Are you in any mood to tell any troubled soul how to find peace? Is the revival spirit in your hearts?

The golden opportunity is now. "The fields are white." Are we ready?

Rev. G. H. Bates.
Norwich District.

TO the preachers of Norwich District whatever shall be written may seem like repetition. Yet all these faithful men will rejoice that our enterprising HERALD sounds again its bugle-call for advance and victory in this our greatest work, and will listen thoughtfully to those upon whom the command has come.

Let us project our autumn work with the conviction that the call to preach includes essentially the call to win souls, and resolve that this call shall once more be vindicated, and the fact that we have not "gone out of commission" be attested by fresh and conclusive evidence.

The best — I had almost said the only — revival is the one in which the pastor is the principal human force and factor. Let us not, then, through diffidence, or something worse, yield to the temptation to "farm out" this highest and most precious privilege to others; and when for sufficient reasons help is employed, let it be help and nothing more.

Our camp-meeting closes the summer. Let us follow it everywhere with home camp-meetings, taking advantage of every tender impression and impulse for good before the winter plunge into thoughtless gaiety. We plead for an early and effective campaign.

Rev. T. J. Everett.
New Bedford District.

WILL the reader regard these words as a personal letter? I have seen such multitudes this summer bent on Sabbath pleasuring instead of Sabbath worship, so many young people with dissipation instead of noble purpose stamped upon their faces, that my heart is deeply stirred for those who wander from God. Is the church doing its utmost to save the people? Is its wealth consecrated? Are its ministers delivered from self-seeking? Are its members mighty in prayer?

My Conference reported 331 less church members last April than a year previous. With thousands of unsaved and unchurched about us, we have not gained enough from the world to keep our ranks intact. Is not the difficulty here — that many of us have not *determined* to win men to the Saviour by the help of God at any cost? Shall we not, then, set ourselves resolutely at this work? Shall we not inquire whether we ourselves purpose to be Christlike? Shall we not wait before God until we are sure we desire something more than a stir in our church, more than the appearance of prosperity? Until we are sure we desire the glory of God in the salvation of souls? O brother, sister, what are all gains of business, all pleasures of social life, compared with the ineffable joy of soul-winning? O pastors, brothers beloved, in whatever else we fail — in eloquence, wealth, learning or fame — let us not fail in bringing men to God!

Maine Conference.

Rev. E. O. Thayer, D. D.
Portland District.

AN increasing disregard of the Sabbath, growing defiance of law by the liquor-dealers, the spirit of worldliness working into our churches, and a multitude of evils arising from the summer vacation, demand a permanent spiritual awakening of Christians all over New England. There is nothing to make us discouraged if we can arouse the churches to a sense of the danger.

We need a revival that means the sanctification of preachers, official members and all the people, rather than a spasmodic effort to secure a few additions to "our church." A special work conducted by an evangelist may accomplish the latter result, but only faithful preaching of repentance and a tarrying at Jerusalem for the baptism of the Holy Ghost can secure the permanent blessing. The very existence of the church demands it.

Let us begin *at once*, and make all our sermons and social meetings for the next three months aim at a pentecostal revival, which shall last all winter, shall side-track all entertainments for revenue, and make our churches permanent centres of salvation power. It seems to me that we have had enough of winter advances on the enemy's lines followed by summer retreats to "hold the fort." The thought that all New England Methodism is fighting on this line simultaneously, will be an inspiration.

Rev. J. Albert Corey.
Lewiston District.

AT our Annual Conference last April we covenanted together to pray for a revival throughout Maine Conference. Already, in answer to prayer, God is reviving His work and sinners are converted every week. Do we expect to see the revival become extensive? And are we working to that end?

In order that our prayer may be answered we all need a better Christian experience. Methodism has emphasized the doctrine and experience of a new birth, necessary and possible for all, and realized by every one who receives Jesus Christ. We have taught that every believer may have the abiding presence of the Holy Ghost to cleanse from all unrighteousness and keep from sin. We need a new grasp, a clear utterance, by lip and life, of the old truths, and courage to say to cultured moral people, as well as to the immoral and wicked, "Ye must be born again." We need a more earnest evangelism. Paul declared: "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved." When Paul's desire becomes ours, his success will be ours also. We need to speak as the Holy Ghost gives us utterance. The worth of education for preacher and layman is not undervalued; but cultured intellectuality and learned negation can never achieve the desired results. In presence of the chilling indifference, doubt and worldliness of these days, we need more of God, more of divine truth realized in Christian experience and voiced in Christian testimony. Lord, revive Thy work!

Rev. A. S. Ladd, D. D.
Augusta District.

WILL my fellow-workers please suffer a word of exhortation in reference to an early, earnest and persistent effort in the direction of the deepening of the spiritual life of the church, and the salvation of souls? I am sure that many of you are as earnest and anxious about this matter as I am. And there is never any reason for censoriousness, ranting or fanaticism. We ought to mourn over the waste places in Zion; but we must not club our mother, or take delight in parading her faults and infirmities before an unsympathetic world.

If Methodism stands for anything, it stands for ethical righteousness and "Christianity in earnest." It means hard and aggressive work, earnest prayer, mighty faith and glorious victory. Bishop Mallalieu says in a recent communication: "More and more I am convinced that in New England we have done unwisely in putting off our special revival work until the Week of Prayer. Surely September, October and November are the very choicest months of the year for special services." To this I say, emphatically, "Amen." I will be glad to aid you at such times and in such ways as I can.

East Maine Conference.

Rev. H. W. Norton.
Bucksport District.

HAVING completed the visits of the first quarter on my district, I am gratified to find the work opening so well; yet the thought is borne in upon me that we need an old-time revival throughout the entire field in order to win our proportionate part of "ten thousand souls for Jesus in Maine this year."

The church's life, strength, peace, and fruitfulness will be increased by such a revival. The world, we believe, looks for it. It is reasonable, it is right, to have such an one. Let the world find in the church what it deeply needs and anxiously looks for, and then the language will be, "We will go with *you*, for we see God is with you." Bishop Peck once wrote, "Until a minister will put his best thought, hardest work, and highest ambition into the work of saving dying men, he will make an indifferent soul-winner. Until he flings sermons, reputation, popularity, in short *self*, at the foot of the Cross in one overmastering passion for souls, no method will avail much."

The means for securing the revival we need are within our reach — faith, prayer and action. Let us band ourselves together with a determined purpose to secure on every charge such a revival as will affect the life of the church, promote the best interests of the world, and enhance the glory of God.

Rev. W. W. Ogier.
Rockland District.

A REVIVAL? Yes. We do need a revival. First, a revival of interest in having a revival; of interest in the Bible — not so much to read about the Book as to read what is in it, less concern for the shell and more for the truth contained therein; of interest in saving men and hastening the universal triumph of the Gospel.

Second, a revival of faith — faith in God who cannot lie, but must fulfil His promise; faith in ourselves, for "we are laborers together with God;" faith in our opportunities — that it is possible for *our* field to yield a harvest.

Third, a revival of willingness — willingness to obey God, to work for God, to learn the wishes of God; all of which will be delightful service if there is only a willingness to receive the Holy Spirit.

Fourth, a revival of personal responsibility — responsibility to gather the people, daring to persuade them; to sustain the services, preferring the sanctuary above all places; to support the church, rendering "the first fruits of all increase;" of being an individual soul-winner.

Finally, the responsibility of being personally endued with the power of the Holy Ghost. "O Lord, revive Thy work!"

Rev. E. H. Boynton.
Bangor District.

I CONCLUDE that a Methodist Church without a revival is hardly in keeping with the spirit and purport of Methodism, whatever else it may do and be. I conclude, also, that the best time for a revival is when the pastor can get a few — not all — of his church members to join him in earnest effort for the salvation of souls.

I am sure there is no church on Bangor District that has not the few, therefore I call upon the pastors and most earnestly entreat them all to plan at once for a magnificent campaign.

Bishop Mallalieu calls for ten thousand converts in Maine this year, and this means two thousand on Bangor District, or an average of fifty on each charge. Camp-meetings at Foxcroft and Littleton were seasons of inspiration and salvation. Let us organize at once, and not wait for a convenient season. We rejoice over the successes of last year, but will make this the best of all. Write me and let me help you in some way.

Vermont Conference.

Rev. L. L. Beeman.
Montpelier District.

THE profound need of today is a revival in religious interest. Pessimism portrays the weakness of the church and hints at the degeneracy of the pulpit. Infidelity sneers at the Gospel as a regenerating force. Great problems, commercial, social, scientific and practical, are engaging the thought of men. Worldly forces are at work six days in the week; the Sunday newspaper, bicycle excursions, and Sunday traffic trench on the seventh. It is no weakling force which must be pitted against these forces if we are to command the attention of men. It is the duty of the church to make itself heard. Christianity has not lost its power, but we need more *intensity*. A revival is a conviction of truth in action. It makes men think, and believe, and act. It is born of the Gospel preached. It reaches character and makes men Christlike. Peripatetic evangelists do not carry around in their vest pockets such a revival. The eternal truths of God must be presented till men *feel* that God has a controversy with them. Let no man think he can deliver little scientific dissertations or literary essays, or even preach a good deal about the Gospel, leaving out of his pulpit the great, burning truths of God's Word for eleven months in the year, and then hope by a little flurry and a few extra services to secure a revival.

Brethren in the ministry and laity, God has intrusted to us as His co-laborers the salvation of the world. Shall we prove false to the trust? The rather let our own hearts be stirred with a renewed interest, and let us plan for and enter at once upon a campaign for an old-time revival of religion.

Rev. L. O. Sherburne.
St. Albans District.

THE call to Christian work is always now. The fields are *always* white for the harvest. Let us thrust in the sickle *at once*. The church that is instrumental in awakening and saving sinners is a success. Let all New England be aflame with revival zeal. This season should witness the conversion of twenty thousand souls within our borders. The estimate is low. Increase it by ten thousand at least. When we

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desire revivals of religion more than anything else, we shall have them. Pray for them. Talk for them. Preach for them. Sacrifice for them. Believe for them. Have them.

I hear you saying, We will. Nothing can prevent. The promises are sure. The gates of hell shall not prevail. Begin *now* — in your study, in your pulpit, in your office, in your store, in your shop, in your kitchen, on your farm. *Begin!* The windows of heaven shall be opened. Angels shall rejoice, and men shall be glad.

Rev. Joseph Hamilton.

St. Johnsbury District.

AN evangelistic campaign on St. Johnsbury District has been planned, to begin Oct. 3 with a sermon by the pastor, giving a synopsis of the Book of Acts. Let the pastors and presidents of Epworth League chapters get all they can of church and League members to begin at that date to read prayerfully two chapters each day for fourteen days in the Book of Acts. Oct. 17 let the pastors preach on the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The idea is to follow the reading of the Book and the sermon on the baptism of the Holy Ghost by at least a two weeks' evangelistic campaign, embracing every society and church in the district, utilizing the consecrated talent of all our people in all kinds of work that will bring sinners to Christ. Let each member of the League and church pledge himself or herself to speak to one person a day about their soul during the campaign. Let it be borne in mind that this is a campaign for soul-saving and spiritual uplifting, in charge of the pastors and presidents of Epworth League chapters.

Dear brethren, let us, as far as possible, unite in this campaign by carrying out the above plan. In union there is inspiration, courage and strength. Will each pastor write the presiding elder and let him know if they agree to this plan, also suggest any change they may desire.

New Hampshire Conference.

Rev. O. S. Baketel.

Concord District.

WHAT are we doing for about one-fourth the population of New Hampshire? We are not wholly idle; but are we greatly concerned? Do we lament the spiritual dearth? We pray about it sometimes; how much personal effort do we put forth? Oh, for an intense desire to be awakened in the church! "Awake, put on thy strength, O Zion!" Let every one seek a mighty outpouring of the Spirit, an equipment for service!

What special efforts shall we make? Let every church begin to pray: "O Lord, revive Thy work!" Let pastors begin to preach about it. Make it the topic of the prayer-meetings. Talk it up and pray it down. "Oh, that it now from heaven might fall!"

Begin special services. Don't wait for cold weather. Plan soon, carefully, thoroughly. Make everything possible bend to the revival. Politicians plan a campaign. We may learn wisdom.

Where shall we get an evangelist? Generally at the parsonage. If he has sense and salvation, with his church and the Holy Spirit he ought to succeed. If he does not, and feels he must have some aid, there are probably a dozen persons in New England whom it is safe to secure. Some Crusade Bands are very helpful. With or without this help, we must have the revival. We want one in every charge.

Rev. J. E. Robins.

Dover District.

PLAN for revival; pray for revival; have faith for revival; live for revival; work for revival steadily, persistently, victoriously. This may be your last year of life. This will be the last year of life to some Christian worker, and to some unsaved soul.

Begin the work of revival alone with God. Kindle the revival flame on the family altar. Talk about, and pray for, revival as you visit from house to house. Call the official brethren together, talk over the matter of revival, get down before the Lord, and tarry at the feet of the Master for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Bring the matter before the public congregations; preach on revival; send out a pastoral letter, sympathetic, earnest, burdened with intense longing for salvation, calling upon all Christians to help push forward the work of the Lord. Read the best books on revivals. Study the Bible carefully, prayerfully, with the special thought of revival uppermost in your mind. The Spirit of the Lord will stir up the spirit of the devil.

Keep sweet and humble. Do not lose your head or your courage. Be very brave, expect the victory. God is with you; and you, with Him, can never fail.

THE WHY, WHEN, AND HOW OF REVIVALS.

Bishop W. F. Mallalieu.

THE present hour is a time of bewilderment. The world is full of unrest. Christendom is in a perilous condition. Turn which way we will, we are confronted by portentous clouds full of danger and death. These things are so for the reason that we are living in a transitional age. The customs and habits of ages have been revolutionized by steam and electricity. Knowledge is increased, but private morals and civic virtues are far below the proper standard. The rum power was never more masterful, malignant, and aggressive than now. It antagonizes the kingdom of Christ constantly, vigorously, and everywhere. The dance, the theatre, vile pictures and vile literature, combine to corrupt and destroy our youth. The Sabbath is recklessly desecrated; the house of God is abandoned, and the Bible is despised by millions of our people. Here and there are those who occupy chairs in schools of theology or pulpits in the churches who for the sake of appearing smart align themselves with the scoffers and infidels of this and other times and countries. Too many working people, toilers with hand or brain, have taken themselves outside the range of Christian influence and more and more are becoming utterly earthy and of the earth. A thousand remedies might be proposed for this sad and alarming condition of affairs, but in all the range of possibilities there is but one sure remedy, and that is the living Gospel of the Son of God. It will surely destroy sin and cure all human ills if it can be put in practice in daily life. There is absolutely no call for any new truth; the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ meet in the fullest manner all the demands of these disturbed times. It is absolutely certain that in the dissemination of these teachings there is no occasion for extravagant, sensational contrivances. What is needed is the plain, simple, intense, persistent presentation in all our pulpits of the whole round of Gospel truths. Then there must be holy living on the part of all preachers and professors. In these the unbelieving world has a right to demand an illustration of the reality of Christian truth. The example must go with the precept. There is nothing like holy living to give emphasis to the Gospel.

It must be clear to every thoughtful Methodist in New England that the thoughts just presented suggest the importance and necessity of a widespread, thorough and profound revival of old-time religion in all our churches. More machinery, more organizations, more patent appliances, will not suffice. Summer schools, lecture courses, fairs, festivals, picnics, and all the rest, are utterly unavailing. We may have all these things and still a spiritual death may smite all our churches. We must find the old paths and walk in the old ways. The arm of God is not shortened that He cannot save. The power of the Holy Ghost is infinite. The blood of Jesus Christ can still cleanse from all sin. We ought to have a revival that will enwrap all New England in a blaze of conflict and victory.

There should be no delay in planning for this revival. Revivals do not come by chance, nor do they come by arbitrary Divine appointment. There have been revivals that seemed to take place without any definite pre-arrangement or plan, but they may be accounted for on the ground that some burdened soul, humble and unknown, has been in consultation with God; and, while others have been careless and indifferent, this one soul, like Elijah of old, has prevailed in prayer, and alone has claimed the promise, that, being fulfilled, has brought refreshing showers in abundant measure to the dry and barren fields, making even desert places to bud and blossom. But the existence of such exceptional cases does not militate against the idea that God's work in grace is not altogether different from His work in nature. If the husbandman carefully plans with reference to the desired harvest, much more should the pastor plan with reference to the high and holy work which has been committed to his hands. Wise planning for revivals will certainly take into account both times and seasons. God can pour out the gracious influence of the Holy Ghost at any time upon human hearts, but there are conditions of climate, occupation and general environment which must materially affect the results. In a farming district it might not be best, under ordinary circumstances, to undertake revival work in the very busiest part of the heated term of summer; and it might be said, on the other hand, that it would not be wise to enter upon revival services at a season of the year when usually the roads and streets are in a notoriously bad condition. Thus there are many considerations to be thought of in determining the time for revival services.

It is not possible to emphasize too strongly the unwisdom of putting off until the first week in January — the so-called Week of Prayer — the great revival effort of the year. For the past twenty or more years we, Methodists, have been more and more adopting this unfortunate practice. There has been an existing sentiment that it was something wonderful that all evangelical Christians should unite in the observance, and we have allowed sentiment to overrule sound, sober judgment and intelligent common sense. It is time to call a halt. Sentiment is well enough in its place, but if any business demands the exercise of our best judgment, it is that of saving the souls of the perishing. The result of yielding to sentiment in this matter is that in far too many cases we have given up the months of October and November, to say nothing of September and December, to lecture-courses of various kinds, to fairs and festivals, and nearly all sorts of entertainments, and have put off our special revival work until the first week in January. We have thus lost, in affairs of minor importance, and sometimes of very doubtful utility, the very best part of the year for public gatherings of the people, and have shut ourselves up to a time when we are more than likely to have exceedingly cold weather, and when the roads and streets may be in a condition to render it practically impossible for most of the people to attend the revival meetings if they should be held. This great and widely-prevailing mistake must be corrected if we hope to secure the best possible results. In the choice months of autumn let everything give way to the revival. Let all other enterprises of the church give the revival the unobstructed right of way; let the rough places be made smooth and plain, and the crooked places be made straight; let the valleys be filled and the hills leveled, and let all the people harmoniously and lovingly agree to unite in the revival efforts that, surely in New England, ought not to be commenced later than the middle of September or the first of October.

Wise planning involves the idea of marshaling all the forces of the church for active cooperation with the pastor. It will not be amiss if the pastor calls together his entire official board, and, after a season of earnest prayer, unfolds to them the deep desires of his heart. Let him tell these men of God, who bear the burdens of the church, that he wants, that he must have, their sympathy and help; let him get them to renew their vows of consecration and seek for a special baptism of the Holy Ghost for the great work that is to be undertaken. It ought to be a comparatively easy thing for the average pastor to secure the well-nigh united and cordial support of his entire officiary, and when this is done a great step has been taken toward ultimate success. Now and then a citizen of "Meroz" may be found even among the official brethren; but the hosts of God must not delay on that account. They may go forth to battle, sure of victory.

These are the days of the Sunday-school and the Epworth League, and no wise pastor will neglect, much less ignore, these two most important departments of our church forces when he plans a revival campaign. If the officers and teachers of the Sunday-school, and if the young Christians of the Epworth League, consecrate themselves to the active, aggressive work of winning souls to Christ, they can most effectually help on the revival. The pastor ought to keep so thoroughly and constantly in touch with the young Christians and Sunday-school workers that he can certainly count on their cooperation. It only needs a little judicious consultation and consequent agreements as to time and methods of work, and the Epworth League and Sunday-school will stand side by side with the pastor and the official board for the prosecution of services that look to the salvation of multitudes of precious souls. Not by the exercise of authority, not by compulsion, never by threats and scolding, can this combination of the working forces of the church be secured; but rather by the manifestation on the part of the pastor of the spirit of Christ, by tender love for souls, by earnest devotion to the work of God, by a supreme personal consecration of all powers and faculties to the rescue of the perishing, and by that gracious endowment of power which only comes when the soul is baptized with the Holy Ghost and filled with His abiding presence.

Oh, for the spirit of wisdom and of a sound mind on the part of all our preachers, so that they may successfully lead the forces of the militant church forth to such victories as shall cause joy on earth and in heaven! Oh, that they may never forget that to give efficiency to wisest plans and hardest work there is constant need of the help and guidance of the Comforter!

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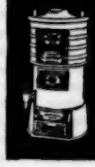

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PROHIBITION IN MAINE.

"Clericus."

A MORAL paralysis has certainly seized the people in some parts of Maine. The town I describe is one of the most beautiful spots on this charming coast. If I were to dwell on its natural scenery alone, it would exhaust our list of adjectives to adequately picture it. It is a town of 1,700 inhabitants and five places of worship. The people on the whole are a lovely and honest and industrious class. None are very rich and none are very poor. I had not been here long before I discovered signs of drunkenness, and no apparent shame, surprise, or attempt to conceal it. I began making inquiries as to the status of the liquor traffic. Everybody with whom I spoke was "indignant," and "would hold up both hands for the enforcement of the prohibitory law." I called on leading men of all sects and parties. They all spoke the same way, but to commit themselves not a man of them all was ready. I announced a Temperance Sunday — the Fourth of July — according to the vote of our Conference. We sought, ineffectually, the co-operation of other churches. We stood alone. If the leading men of the town were present, it was by proxy only. We discovered that the common talk of the street declared that there were from seven to twenty places where liquor was sold. We continued to agitate the question both privately and publicly, and at last succeeded in getting a union service arranged for, but when it came to the actual service not a solitary soul would do or say a thing excepting myself. Even the clergyman of our sister church was dumb, and threw the whole responsibility of agitation upon me. The local paper never has a word to say about the condition of things. Everything touching the liquor traffic and its attendant evils is suppressed. A few arrests are made, false names are given by the victims, a nominal fine is imposed, and they are free to go into the same dens and repeat the same thing with other names. Names are easily invented. They always say — perhaps they are thus posted by the large-hearted officials — "We did not get our liquors here. We brought them with us." This is ingenious. It makes the court records prove that liquor cannot be bought here, and that it is not our own boys, but strangers, that get drunk! The amazing thing to me is that most of the leading men are church officials and some of them Sunday-school workers, and all supporters of the church.

No attempt to enforce the law is made by the men who are elected and sworn and paid to do it. Occasionally a private citizen is aroused and tells the officers what their duties are. They move, but it is sullenly and with suppressed malice against the private citizen. Their action against the rumseller — the criminal of criminals — is involuntarily brought. They tell the rumseller that they are driven to it, and that he is a kicked and much-abused man. The W. C. T. U. has become a defunct institution because of the gross indignities heaped upon it by those who ought to have made it unnecessary for them to do any such work as they had to do. The best women in the place shrink from reorganization because of lack of *practical* sympathy. In spite of all these startling facts, and of all this opposition or paralysis, it is ours "to do and dare."

"He's a slave that dare not be
In the right with two or three."

I have found that it is very easy to make temperance addresses in a community where everybody stands for the enforcement of law; but it is another thing where every one shrinks from it. It is our delight, nevertheless, to "cry aloud, spare not, lift up the voice like a trumpet, and show the people their sin."

"Right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win."

A better day is coming. Thank God for this hope!

About half the lamp-chimneys in use are Macbeth's.
All the trouble comes of the other half.
But go by the Index.
Write Macbeth Pittsburgh Pa

DO YOU WANT to go to
EUROPE FREE
and the Paris Exposition. Of all Expense.
In the year 1900? If so, write NOW to the
AMERICAN TOURISTS ASSOCIATION,
Dept. D, 11 Broadway, New York.

REV. FALES H. NEWHALL, D. D.

Rev. John W. Sanborn, D. D.

IT was my rare good fortune to act for more than a year as the amanuensis of Dr. Fales H. Newhall. This was during my freshman year in 1869 and 1870, while Dr. Newhall was a professor at Wesleyan University. I had prepared at Phillips Exeter Academy to enter college nearly a year in advance, but preferred to begin the freshman year, partly in deference to temporary illness, and partly for the purpose of recuperating from a rigorous three years' course by general reading.

Dependent as I was, like many others, on very limited resources, it was a kind Providence that led to the choice of myself by Dr. Newhall as his secretary and reader. At this time his eyes partially failed him, and it became my duty and pleasure to read aloud to him several text-books on science and English literature. I recall the many questions which he propounded, such as, "Do you get the thought?" "Is that entirely clear to you?" and on my replying in the negative, he would turn the thought of the text over and over, and richly illustrate it, until I felt that every interview with him was an enrichment of my mind and heart. How his earnest, inquiring face would light up, as with sublimest truth and choicest language he discussed the principle laid down, or the thought advanced by the text! His gentle convulsive wit and keen sense of humor added a charm to his utterance.

He was approachable, because appreciative and sympathetic. Whoever entered his presence felt the impulse of the highest motives, and went away more determined than ever to be a man, in the noblest sense of that term. During my year's residence in his delightful family he prepared that portion of his commentary on Genesis and Exodus which impressed all who studied it with his marked ability as a commentator. I had previously studied Hebrew somewhat, but now I undertook the study with enthusiasm under his direction, and so became able to relieve him entirely of the labor of using the pen in his preparation of this commentary. His wide scholarship, deep spiritual insight, and familiarity with the Scriptures specially fitted him for the production of valuable commentaries on the Word of God.

During that year of service for Dr. Newhall — a memorable year to me — I had the feeling, and have never lost it, that I was living in a tropical climate, surrounded with luxuriant herbage, and permitted constantly to pluck well-ripened and delicious fruit.

"SPECIAL GIFT" DAY-SCHOOLS IN CHINA.

Rev. George S. Miner.

ABOUT four and one-half years ago I began the "Special Gift" day-school work by supporting three schools from my own private fund. They proved to be such a success that I told friends about them and solicited aid. Help has come. Within the territory where these schools are located more than a million people reside. Where five years ago we had 5 day-schools with 76 pupils, we now have 139 with 3,109 boys and 273 girls. These schools are all supported by persons who have become interested in this movement through personal solicitation by letter or newspaper articles which I have written from time to time. There is good reason to believe that even hundreds have been brought into the fold through the instrumentality of these schools. We now have, in and about the city of Foochow, where nearly all of these schools are located, 14 preachers and 851 members and probationers, where five years ago we had 3 preachers and 313 members and probationers. I do not claim that the day-schools have accomplished all this, by any means, but do know that they have helped to a considerable extent.

I devote as much time to the supervision of this work as circumstances will allow. A young man, graduate of the Anglo-Chinese College, devotes his entire time to the schools. A man with a magic lantern gives an entertainment in each school-room during the year, exhibiting fifty or more Biblical and temperance views. The schools are divided between six colporteurs who are to spend one day every month in the vicinity of each school and report to me their condition. The preachers are instructed to visit the schools on their respective charges at least once a week and give such instruction and advice as they deem necessary. Local preachers, exhorters, colporteurs, and students are sent out on Sundays to hold services in the school-rooms, where the pupils cannot come to the churches (see Bishop Joyce's article in the *Epworth Herald* of March 13).

Many applications for schools were rejected last year because of the want of means. If the good people in the home-land could see and realize the needs of the boys and girls of China, the money would not be wanting. The pupils contribute some toward the support of the schools, but many are so poor they can help but little. There is no public school system in China. I expect to have an increased number of schools next year, and am going to trust the Lord and Christian people for their support. I am not going to apply to the Missionary Society, because it has not been able to give us much new work for years. Don't let your contributions to this work lessen your gifts to the Society. Make this an extra "free-will offering."

Any person or society sending $40 to support a day-school, may name the school, and will receive a detailed semi-annual report in both English and Chinese, a photograph of a school, and an idol that has been worshiped. For $20 I will send a photograph and idol. For $10 I will send an idol. For smaller sums (not less than $1) a photograph. Please send pledges direct to me as soon as you decide to help, so I can open the school Feb. 10, 1898, the beginning of the Chinese school year. You can send the money, one-half the first of January and the balance the first of June, direct to me by draft on New York, or through Dr. A. J. Palmer, 150 Fifth Ave., New York city. Be sure and state to whom and for what you contribute. I can use to advantage thousands of picture cards and Berean Leaf-clusters. Cards with bright showy pictures are wanted. For every hundred I will send a copy of the Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments in Chinese. For every Leaf-cluster I will send a curio. Send cards and clusters direct to me by post, unsealed.

Now, dear friends, I beseech you to remember thoughtfully and prayerfully the thousands of boys and girls here who, with a little help, are able to acquire a Christian education. All can help, if but a little. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Foochow, China.

A NOTABLE W. C. T. U. MEETING.

THERE has been held on the Lyndonville (Vt.) camp-ground a most notable meeting under the direction of the Vermont Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The program of seven days was full of excellent and varied helps toward a broad Christian life. The earnestness and spirit of the women, whether the rain or sunshine came, whether the audience was small or large, was beautiful to behold. Mrs. Ida H. Read, the State president, is a woman of consecrated gifts. She was often heard to say, "We will sing the doxology, whatever comes."

The meetings began in the afternoon of Aug. 23, with Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, of New York (leaders in the work for "Purity in Literature and Art"), Mrs. Louise Barton, the evangelist of Boston, known and beloved in many States, Mrs. Helen G. Rice, World's and National superintendent (W. C. T. U.) of the work among children, besides the State workers, present. Ministers of several denominations were in attendance, and had an evening for the "Round Table." Rescue Work, Home Missions, Foreign Missions, Loyal Temperance Legion, Purity, and Peace, had each a day, and all were finely represented.

The evening of Aug. 24 was devoted to young people's societies — Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, Baptist Union, Y. M. C. A., Sunday-school, King's Daughters, and Y branch of the W. C. T. U. Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing spoke of the organization of that great society of blessing, the King's Daughters.

We were honored by the presence of the National W. C. T. U. officers — Miss Willard and Mrs. Katharine Lente Stevenson, president and secretary; Miss Anna Gordon, who in addition to being Miss Willard's private secretary, is superintendent of L. T. L. for the World's W. C. T. U.; and National superintendents not a few — Mrs. Emilie Martin, Mrs. Willing, Mrs. Rice, Mrs. Housh, each with her special department, Purity, Evangelistic Training, the L. T. L., and Literature.

Mrs. Ella M. Keith, of Worcester, Mass., spoke twice on behalf of and to railroad men. We were glad to find Lyndonville — a railroad centre — such a quiet, law abiding place. Most of the members of the band (who were invited to play on railroad evening) are railroad men. We had earnest conversation with a number of the families, and felt blessed by their acquaintance.

Miss Willard came on Saturday afternoon, and was welcomed by the song, "There are bands of ribbon white, around the world," and over a thousand eager friends. She gave a cheery greeting, and spoke also twice for a few moments on Sunday. The sermon of this day was by Katharine Lente Stevenson, a graduate of Boston University, on the decision of the Jewish Queen, showing that the W. C. T. U. had a great work to do in the bringing to Christ the nations of the earth.

Anna Gordon delighted every one in the L. T. L. meeting on Sunday afternoon.

In addition to the gospel and temperance work, classes were held each day on "Physical Culture," "Kindergarten," and the various departments of work, as fairs, flower mission, etc.

Our good brother, Presiding Elder Hamilton, has been with us all the days and helped us very much.

August 30, a most unique and beautiful service was held at North Danville, on the hill where the mother of Frances Willard was born — a tree-planting. The people came from far and near, well pleased to see and hear Miss Willard. A platform had been laid, seats provided, the school-house decorated with cedar and golden-rod, and a table spread for lunch in the yard. All went merry as a marriage bell.

At Miss Willard's request, the old leather-covered family Bible of the Stantons had been brought, and from it Mrs. Rice read the 90th Psalm. Madame Willard's favorite hymns — "How firm a foundation" and "There are lonely hearts to cherish" — were sung, and earnest and tender remembrances of the mother were given by Miss Willard and others.

The tree-planting was unique. A "treasure box" had been presented by Mrs. Esther T. Housh (a leader in Vermont W. C. T. U. work during the years 1887-1892), containing a copy of 1897 Minutes, the State W. C. T. U. paper, *Home Guards*, and the programs of camp-meeting and the day's service. It was placed below the tree, and when the roots were set, the shoveling began, Mrs. Read leading, and Miss Willard, with strength we rejoiced to see, handling the shovel and water bucket. Many helped to fill in the earth. Then a silver tablet was fastened to the tree, and on the highest bough a wreath was hung. This was made from a cedar tree growing near where the house stood that welcomed the father of Miss Willard in old Wheelock. It is a curious fact that these young people, one living in North Danville, the other in Wheelock, only a few miles distant, knew nothing of each other until they chanced to meet in another State. If ever marriages are made in heaven, surely was that of Miss Willard's father and mother.

It is significant, too, to plant trees as a remembrance of them. Miss Willard says: "Every home in which my father lived has memorials of him in the way of beautiful evergreens." Madame Willard visited Danville when she was seventy-five, and herself pointed out the place where over the doorstep her childish feet had run, though not a trace of the old home remained. From the old Wheelock cellar wild flowers were gathered and made into souvenir cards for the tree-planting. We certainly expect this balsam fir to do honor to its place and name, and fulfill its part of the beautiful prophecy in Isa. 55: 12, 13. H. T. H.

A Child's Recovery

FROM PARALYSIS AND SIX YEARS OF CONVULSIONS.

Little Fannie Adams, of Umatilla, Cured of a Dreadful Malady. A Cure of Unusual Interest --- A Reporter Investigates.

From the Lake Region, Eustis, Fla.

For some time past the *Lake Region* has been receiving reports from Umatilla, Fla., of an almost miraculous cure that had been effected in the case of Fannie Adams, a daughter of A. J. Adams, of that place, and last Saturday a representative of this paper made a trip to Umatilla for the purpose of determining the authenticity of the same.

The family live a short distance from the village, where it was found that the people were cognizant of the cure which had been effected, and were rejoicing with the family in their newfound happiness. The father, A. J. Adams, is a hard-working honest farmer from east Tennessee, and the family came to Florida four years ago in the hope that a change of climate would be of benefit to their afflicted child. Much of their earnings has gone for doctors' bills, whose services proved unavailing. The representative was greeted by Mrs. Adams, from whom he gained the story of her great trial.

Fannie, the youngest child, was born in east Tennessee, and was seven years old on the third day of February, 1897. When ten months old she was stricken with paralysis, which affected the entire left side. This stroke of paralysis was followed by convulsions, and from the time little Fannie was ten months old until February, 1897, there was not a single day or a night that she did not have spasms of the most distressing nature. Not a single convulsion, but always three or four, and sometimes as high as ten in one day.

The family was all broken down with care, and Mrs. Adams states that for one year she did not go into her kitchen to superintend her household work. All the fingers of the right hand of the little girl are enlarged and misshapen, caused by her biting them during the fearful suffering. The case baffled the skill of the best physicians, and they were frank to say that they could not determine the cause, or prescribe a remedy to aid the afflicted child.

But what a change now in that household; for little Fannie has recently been released from her six years of agony, which brings the light of happiness to the faces of the parents.

In January, this year, Mrs. Adams, who had purchased some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for her fourteen year old daughter, determined to try their effect upon little Fannie. After three or four doses, she noted an improvement and then told the father what she had done. He went at once to the village and bought another box, and up to this time six boxes have been used. The first pills, Mrs. Adams states, were given in January, the latter part, and certainly not earlier than the fifteenth or twentieth, and the child had her last convulsion on February 3d, nearly three months ago. Her general condition has improved in every way, and it was not a month after the first pills were taken when she began to walk without assistance.

The pills were bought at the drug store of Dr. Shelton, in Umatilla. In answer to the question, did he, to his personal knowledge, know that the remedy had benefited Fannie Adams, as was stated by her parents, the doctor said that he was a regular practicing physician, and as such was loth to recommend any proprietary medicine, but still he was ready to do justice to all men, and he did know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had benefited Fannie Adams, and also volunteered the information that he knew of other children in the village who had been benefited by their use.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

The Family.

EVEN SO.

Minnie Leona Upton.

They tell us that in Pisa's old cathedral
All noises harsh and loud —
Grating of ponderous doors, shrill tones, the tramping
And murmur of the crowd —
Are caught up, softened, harmonized, and blended
Within the lofty dome,
Then echoed back in one great wave of music
Sweet as a dream of home.

So all the harsh notes in life's mingled music —
The burden and the woe,
The stroke that almost snaps the quivering heartstrings,
The loss that grieves us so —
In heaven's o'erarching dome of perfect wisdom,
Power and love, shall be
Gathered and blended in divinest marvel
Of matchless melody.

Boston, Mass.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

Not alone in pain and gloom
Does the abhorrèd tempter come;
Not in light alone and pleasure
Proffers he the poisoned measure.
When the soul doth rise
Nearest to its native skies,
There the exalted spirit finds,
Borne upon the heavenly winds,
Satan, in an angel's guise,
With voice divine and innocent eyes.

— *Richard Watson Gilder.*

* * *

As for our opportunities, we can make a heroic life out of whatever is set before us to work with or upon. — *Anna Robertson Brown.*

* * *

We wish to make some mark in life. We turn to the distant and far away, we believe in the things that lie like mountain peaks under the horizon, when, indeed, the things for us, the things to make our mark upon, the things to do with, grow by, to let us into heaven, are the little ones lying just here about our daily path, the overlooked things next to us. — *J. F. W. Ware.*

* * *

We are all sowing tears — tears over our darling Absaloms, tears over our failures and mistakes, tears over our disappointed hopes. But each tear overflowing from a consecrated soul is a seed-germ dropped into God's keeping, and it shall have its reward. God is not unrighteous to forget. He guards the buried seed, and stands sponsor for the harvest. No sigh, no tear, no prayer, inspired by the Spirit of God, can possibly be lost or unproductive. Like your Lord, you shall yet see of the travail of your soul, and be satisfied. — *Anon.*

* * *

I heard some time since of an oculist who was very fond of cricket. But he had given it up, much as he enjoyed it, for he found that it affected the delicacy of his touch, and for the sake of those whom he sought to relieve he sanctified himself and set himself apart. That is what we want — that there shall come into our lives a force that prompts us always to be at our best and readiest for service, our fullest and richest to help — a tree that is always in leaf and always in bloom and always laden with its fruit, like the orange tree, where the beauty of the blossom meets with its fragrance the mellow glory of the fruit. — *Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.*

* * *

A careless hand a mirror broke and tossed
Aside as nothing worth; and there against
The garden wall disorderly it lay,
And truly useless seemed. Yet was it thus?
Not quite, for every piece that toward the sun
Upturned its face took on of that bright orb
All that its angle would allow, and thus
To aught within its reach reflecting sent
Bright rays, and was, as said a little child,
"Just bright'ning all it could." And we, though old
Or sick, or yet from any cause closed out,
Closed in, if facing toward the glorious Sun
Of Righteousness unconsciously may help
To brighten others' lives. Not coldly like
The bits of glass, but with a loving warmth
His love reflecting.

— *Author Unknown.*

* * *

Character is like unto a plant. Shut up your plants in the cellar, and though you give them the right soil, the due amount of moisture and sufficient heat, the absence of the sunlight will turn them into a collection of ghosts, pale and colorless caricatures of plants. So is it in the experience of the soul. Follow implicitly every rule of conduct in the Bible, grimly bend all your powers of will to the discharge of daily duty, resolutely fight against every temptation that besets you, and yet without the warmth and sunlight of that grace which is the vital principle of the religion of Jesus Christ your spiritual life will shrivel up because of dullness and discouragement. Progress in Christian manhood is determined by the measure of obedience to the apostolic injunction: "Keep yourselves in the love of God." Once the geniality of Christianity is grasped by the soul striving after the white flower of holiness, the assurance of final victory is vouchsafed, for then the truth dawns upon the mind that the very genius of Christianity is its sunny helpfulness. — *Rev. D. Sutherland.*

John Bunyan, in his immortal allegory, brings his Pilgrims to certain "Delectable Mountains," which are clad with orchards and vineyards, with gardens and fountains of water. From these sunny heights they caught some glimpses of the Celestial City, and were regaled with pleasant fruits. Now there is no reason why any of us should be content to live down among the damps and the "dumps" of the low grounds, or in those marshy regions where the malaria of despondency prevails. Much of our unhappiness in this world is of our own making. We might have a great many more joyous days during our earthly pilgrimage. When we have had a conflict with some strong temptation, and by Christ's imparted help have conquered it, then we reach a delectable mount, and can sing our psalm of gratitude. Every good deed wrought for the Master or our fellowmen, every answer to prayer, every new discovery of Christ's love, every new attainment in the spiritual life, carries us up into a higher, purer atmosphere. We can read the eighth chapter of the Romans up there, and sing the one hundred and third Psalm. — *The Christian.*

* * *

Up and down the wild, barren Arabian stretches of desert and mountain wilderness, which, after all, only measured from south to north a fourteen days' journey direct from Sinai to Palestine, the Hebrew people wandered and encamped, leading their nomadic life for forty years longer. What was it all most like but the drifting of our human experience up and down the earth and along the ages of it, between the first Giving of the Commandments of Life and the entering into its full fruition? With the very heaven almost within our reach — with only such a little distance between the Bidding and the Reward, if we would follow the direct way — we wind and tangle our paths in a blind bewilderment; we make our long tarryings in a few scanty feeding-places; we grow old and pass away without ever having come to the full faith of the heavenly nearness, to the sure, realizing vision of the glory that waits close by. It is like being lost in storm and darkness, toiling exhausted up and down within short step and call of one's own door, and perishing in the night at the threshold of one's home. — A. D. T. WHITNEY, in "The Open Mystery."

JEAN INGELOW.

Jane A. Stewart.

WE were spending a month in London during the height of the season. The proverbial rainy, foggy city had doffed its gray mantle and showed its most sunshiny aspect to us.

We had done the rounds — peered curiously through the grill at busy Parliament; trod reverently the sculptured cloisters of sacred Westminster; wandered thoughtfully through the aisles of stately St. Paul's; shuddered at recollections of the dark deeds in the dread Tower; admired the wonders of art in the noted National Gallery; strolled studiously through the great British Museum; and watched unenviously the gay cavalcade in Rotten Row. In rattling hansom, in smoky underground and airy elevated railroads, in swift-flying steamboat, on the dizzy heights of the "people's carriage," we had viewed the sights of the most historic and most mighty metropolis of the earth.

We were part of a company of "Pilgrims" — the animus of our journeyings a momentous gathering in the great city. Thus in addition to the usual routine of tourist life we participated in rare social public functions, the open sesame to these being the influence of the most noble titled lady numbered on England's roll today. At the Mansion House our hands had been grasped by the great city's chief executive, the Lord Mayor, and his good lady, when we supped from the city's golden plate. At a garden party fifteen hundred guests and "Pilgrims" strolled upon the velvet lawn and under the giant elms of an earl's estate. This and more we had done. Surely, modest American pilgrims were never so favored. Yet a crowning joy remained for some of us.

We knew that somewhere in the great city there lived the retiring little woman whose beautiful poems had voiced the sweetest melodies of nature and the highest aspirations of the soul. When the invitation came to a few of us to take afternoon tea after the good English custom at the home of Miss Ingelow, all else that we had enjoyed paled in the radiance of this exceptional pleasure.

It was the summer of 1895. Miss Ingelow, just sixty-five years of age, was spending the season, as usual, at her own home, in company with a beloved brother, whose comfort and happiness have been her sole care for nearly a score of years.

The home in which the aged sister and brother have been so cozily nestled is a square, substantial mansion of cream-colored stone, with gardens in front and rear, situated on a broad, quiet street in Kensington. A severe high brick wall with iron grilled gateway guards the front. Visitors announce themselves by ringing a bell so labeled at the side of the entrance gate, and are admitted by a trim, white-capped maid. Her tripping steps lead one along the narrow graveled path through the beautiful, precise garden, above which a few chestnuts and almonds cast pleasant shade. The path takes one with slight curve directly to the broad stone steps leading up to the ample front door, which is set with scientific niceness exactly in the middle of the house.

The interior of the residence is comfortably arranged, as a poet's should be. It is bright and cheerful. A large, lofty drawing-room runs nearly the entire length of the house. This fine apartment bears evidences of a refined taste, with its paintings, books, musical instruments, and scent of blooming flowers. The grand piano and the harp were both favorite instruments of Miss Ingelow, who played remarkably well and had a fine voice when young.

On the opposite side of the house are the dining-room, where the author did her writing, and the billiard-room used by Mr. Ingelow as a study. A glass-covered porch overlooks the rear — a delightful, old-fashioned garden, very green and inviting-looking. There is fine-cut grass, a box hedge, a cute greenhouse in one corner, and beds of ivy and all sorts of English flowers.

In a cheerful alcove leading from the drawing-room the world-famous poet was accustomed to receive her guests. These have been very few the past years, as Miss Ingelow, never in robust health, has had little time or strength for society.

Attractive as were all the appointments of the poet's pleasant home, we were most interested in the personality of the gifted woman, who greeted us so tremblingly but cordially. Her illuminated countenance and deep-set gray-blue eyes beamed with kindly interest under the dainty lace cap of the English style worn by elderly women. Her frail form was dignified, though it seemed unduly bent with years. Her voice was strong and melodious, and her thought was clearly expressed. She joined freely in conversation on practical themes, as she poured the strong English breakfast tea from the swinging-brass tea-pot into the dainty china cups which were handed to us by the deft maid. As long as general subjects were touched upon, the conversation seemed to awaken her liveliest interest and pleasure; but the least reference to the value of her personal work was received with undisguised distress. She seemed like a shrinking violet hiding its head in protection from the overpowering rays of laudation.

Comparatively few are the poets

> "who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

High in the ranks of these must be numbered this shy poet of England whose prolific pen was forever stilled by the summons of the death messenger, July 20. It is more than three decades since Miss Ingelow's volume of fresh, vigorous, impressive songs won her enduring fame, and proclaimed to the world of letters the advent of a star of the first magnitude. "As the voice of Mrs. Browning grew silent," said Edmund Clarence Stedman, "the songs of Miss Ingelow began and had instant and merited popularity. They sprung up suddenly and tunefully as skylarks from the daisy-spangled, hawthorne-bordered meadows of Old England with a blitheness long unknown, and in their idyllic underflights moved with the tenderest currents of human life."

"Who is Jean Ingelow?" was asked. Appreciative readers breathed the inspiration of her high and holy messages. Her poems were fraught with contentment and good cheer, with hope and consolation, with love and resignation. They displayed a remarkably close kinship with nature and an acute insight into things human.

As the years went by, other works were added, equally manifesting the high order of the new poet's gifts. But with the years, aside from the fact that her euphonious name was a real one, but little was heard regarding the poet's life and personality. Her work has been purely impersonal, as she designed it to be.

Jean Ingelow was born in 1830 at Boston, England, which is also known as the birthplace of the martyr, Fox. Boston, once a flourishing commercial city and rival of London, was depleted by the plague in the sixteenth century, and is now, with improved sanitary arrangements, a prosperous town of 20,000. It is situated on the river Witham six miles from the sea. The old monastery of St. Botolph's, destroyed by the Danes in 870, originated the name — "St. Botolph's town," corrupted into Boston. The vicar of St. Botolph's, Rev. John Cotton, afterwards removed to America, gave the name to the city of the New World. The parish church, founded in 1309, has a notable tower in which is an octagonal lantern visible forty miles at sea.

Miss Ingelow's father was a cultured and influential citizen of Boston, a banker in circumstances which entailed no heritage of want upon his large family, but who unfortunately passed away before his daughter's book was published, in which he would have taken so much pride. Her mother, a talented Scotch woman of poetical turn of mind, mainly educated her numerous offspring herself. Jean never went to school. Such an experience might have dissipated her enveloping shyness and the contact with the outside world have broken the crust of her excessive timidity.

The Ingelow nursery was lofty and overlooked the ever-varying scenes of the river. It was the young poet's never-ceasing delight to watch the coming of the tides, the sailing of the ships, and all the changing aspects of the shifting waves. She made them her own.

> "For me the bounding in of tides; for me
> The lying bare of sands when they retreat;
> The purple flush of calms, the sparkling glee
> When waves and sunshine meet."

The shy and reserved child grew to womanhood amid a nest of ten brothers and sisters. They are described as a happy group of young people blessed with excellent spirits and sparkling humor — a witty, united and cultured family. Some of them were remarkably clever, all of them droll, with a keen sense of the ridiculous. They laughed merrily at the efforts of their shy sister and good-naturedly parodied her poems, though secretly proud of them. They got up a little family periodical which was printed on a small printing-press belonging to the sons of a clergyman to whom two of her brothers were sent for instruction. Some of the first songs of the girl poet were printed in this amusing little sheet. She wrote a great deal, hiding her productions between the leaves of old books, whence they were rescued by her wise, discerning mother. She had, in addition, an entirely original place where in secret she gave herself up to poetic inspiration. In the large upper room where she slept, the windows were supplied with old-fashioned folding shutters. They were so convenient she "amused" herself by opening the shutters, writing verses and songs on them, and then folding them in where they remained securely hidden until the keen mother-eye espied them. Her story sent "for fun" to the *Youth's Magazine* was immediately accepted, and the editor asked for more. Hers was exceptionally a broad, smooth and sheltered path to the heights of renown. It was a happy thing for the shrinking, reserved young woman that her road through life should be so tenderly guarded.

Fame came to her quite unexpectedly at the age of thirty-three with the publication of her first volume. That was in 1863. A brother wishing to give her pleasure had offered to contribute to have her manuscript printed. Speaking afterwards of the important visit to her publisher, Mr. Longmans, Miss Ingelow lightly said: "My mother and I went together. She consented to allow my name to appear. We were all rather flustered and excited over it, it seemed altogether so ridiculous."

Her happy mother lived till 1880, and had the pleasure of seeing her gifted daughter's later publications received with equal favor. These were: "Studies for Stories" (1864); "Poor Mat" (1866); "Stories Told to a Child" (1866,1872); "A Story of Doom and Other Poems" (1867); "A Sister's Bye-Hours" (1868); "Mopsa the Fairy" (1869); "The Monitions of the Unseen and Poems of Love and Childhood" (Boston, 1870). There have been fourteen editions of her poems, and in addition she has written four novels of merited success: "Off the Skelligs" (1873), "Fated to be Free" (1876), "Sarah de Berenger," and "Don John."

It is, however, in her shorter poems, as a writer of songs and lyrics, that Jean Ingelow won her hold upon the hearts of the people. "When Sparrows Build," set to music thirteen times, has the ring of a deep dramatic intensity. "The Coming of the Mermaiden" is ranked among the English classics. Whose heart has not responded to the blithesome naturalness of "Like a Laverock in the Lift?" She has carried us in her poetic flights through all the varying moods of nature "up to Nature's God." In very truth it may be said of her, —

> "Mute Nature mourns her worshiper,
> And celebrates her obsequies."

Colton, Cal.

ONCE more we welcome the "golden days" of the whirling year — days of warm sunshine, cool, crystal-clear atmosphere, and a riot of gorgeous color in flower and foliage. Earth is prodigal of her ripened beauty in this glad interval between the summer's heat and winter's cold, and holds up her rejoicing hands overflowing with bountiful harvests. With a truly grateful heart this autumn many a tiller of the soil throughout our broad land will raise thankful eyes and praiseful lips to the Giver of all good for the fruitful yield.

* * *

HOW short the days are growing! The early lamplight is cheerful on cool evenings, but while the sultry weather continues, reading or working under a hot lamp is not particularly enjoyable. The stirless night air is fragrant with delicious flower scents and vocal with the shrill chirping of the cricket orchestra. Summer lingers late, but all too soon the frosts will lay a blighting hand upon blossom and insect.

* * *

FROM shore and mountain and woods and lake the vacation people are returning in multitudes. How varied the experiences! To many a happy heart, under the magic spell of "young Love's dream," each day of the long summer has brought unalloyed delight. Others have carried burdens of corroding care, that no outdoor beauty could lighten; some have battled against disease, and are now only just creeping back to health; still others have had dear ones snatched from their loving arms by accident, or perhaps through a wasting sickness have gone hand in hand with one dearer than life itself down to the mouth of the tomb and come back to the desolate home broken-hearted and empty-handed. "How can my life go on?" they moan piteously. Ah! dear friends, it *will* go on; it *has* to, you know, somehow. And *how* it goes on depends on you. Out of this crucible of sorrow you will by and by come forth to speak heavenly words of comfort to other stricken hearts, to relieve distress, and to work for the Master as you have never worked before. Question not the Father; only trust Him. To us on this side — the dark side — of the tomb His ways are inscrutable; but on the other side — the light side — our dear ones understand, and are satisfied.

* * *

ONE hot Saturday afternoon in early August, the son with whom he had made his home in these later years of his life, brought the sad news — sad indeed to us who loved him — that Dr. David Sherman was failing rapidly, and could live but a few hours. It did not seem as if we *could* have it so. To be sure, he was seventy-five, but who ever thought of David Sherman as *old*, with his spare, erect figure, his bright, near-sighted eyes looking out benignly through his spectacles, and his vivid interest in everything that was taking place in the world of letters or in the church? He was not *old* — he would not have been old had he lived to be ninety. Many fancied that he was stiff and unapproachable — I thought so once. But that was before I had come to know him and discovered what a sweet, genial, hopeful spirit lay just beneath that slight frigidity which strangers were apt to notice. I never saw his serenity ruffled, never heard him utter an impatient word. His calls at the HERALD office were always welcomed with pleasure, for he invariably had some interesting item of news to relate, or some bit of literary gossip, or possibly a reminiscence of the early days of the Methodist Church when the old heroes sung and shouted and prayed souls into the kingdom, or of the stirring days of Revolutionary times, in which his ancestors had large part. He was an authority on Methodist history, and could answer any sort of a question one might propound. But he was never dry or prosy or cyclopedic. Indeed, in preparing his neat, characteristic manuscript (of which hundreds of pages have passed through our hands) for the compositor, it was frequently necessary to modify or eliminate some striking, almost startling, phrase, that the editor, radical and progressive as he is supposed to be, was hardly willing to father. And withal Dr. Sherman appreciated a good joke, and enjoyed it amazingly if by a deft sparring of words he could discomfit you.

And so the months and years sped by, and we grew to dearly love our venerated friend, adviser and helper. Is it possible that we shall never see his face again? — that his gracious presence will never brighten our office? — that we shall never feel the cordial grasp of his hand and hear his kindly voice? Not here; not here! He has passed from this earth, so shadowed by partings and sorrow, into the ineffable glories of the heaven-life. Death to David Sherman must have been the door to joy unutterable, for it meant not only the benediction of God upon his noble life and work, but also reunion with her whom he loved with a devotion of which few men are capable. Never was wife through weary years of helpless invalidism more tenderly cared for; never was such a wife a greater and more blessed inspiration to a husband. And when, twelve years ago, she was released from suffering and "went away" — ah! who could probe the deeps of his great, loving heart? But —

> "At last they have met again!
> . . . . . .
> And away from the toil and strife
> They have met in the world of life;
> And they walk by the tranquil river
> Together, forever and ever."

* * *

A HAPPY Pilgrim who has been sojourning in Beulah Land this summer sends thence a cheery word to Aunt Serena. One need not be an adept in guessing conundrums to read between the lines and hasard the conjecture that Beulah Land is Cottage City; and the writer kindly adds in a postscript that "Valiant for Truth," "Mr. Standfast," and "Mr. Great Heart," are Bishops Foster, Bowman and Hartzell; "Christiania," Prof. Harriette J. Cooke, of our Medical Mission in Boston; and "Mercy" and "Ready to Help," two deaconesses. The letter runs as follows: —

MY DEAR AUNT SERENA: Doubtless Arcadia hath its charm, and we are glad of the enjoyment and strength that came to you while there. But not a ripple of unrest moves in our breasts, and no thought of binding on our sandals and taking our staff for a like journey enters the minds of the dwellers in this favored spot. Arcadia may be very well, but who shall compare it to Beulah Land? Here, as of old, many pilgrims "because they were weary, betook themselves awhile to rest." And because this country was common for pilgrims, and because the parks and pavilions that were here belonged to the King of the Celestial Country, therefore they were licensed to make bold with any of His things. . . . Here the wings of "Old Father Time" seem not to beat the air, but swiftly skim along. We swing, glide, float, dive and "spin" — all in the clear, soft, balmy air, and the buoyant, sparkling sea. The birds make friends with us. Robin, my nearest neighbor, comes often to make a call; and in the morning from the tree by my window sings out full and clear, "Wake up; get up!" Only the sparrows who had "found a house" for themselves in the "courts of the Lord" refused us a welcome. They contested possession, and joined in (or objected to) the service for several Sabbaths.

But what? Is that a gleam of anger or of reproof from behind the spectacles? Is it something about a "foolish jest" and a reference to "Eph. 5: 4" that reaches my consciousness by the telepathic route? You cannot be incredulous when I tell you that I see "Mr. Valiant for Truth" every day, and that "Mr. Standfast" tarried many weeks in this part a year ago; for ye know of a certainty that they dwell constantly in the land Beulah. To be sure we address them as Bishop, as we do also "Mr. Great Heart," who sojourned here for rest and the renewing of his armor before departing on a special mission for the King — it being no less than a commission to extend the King's highway into the very midst of the kingdom of darkness. And in the gathering for Sabbath worship was it not "Christiana" who told us of the privileges and duties of the "children of the King?" Truly at that I did rub my eyes and look at the people about me, but there near at hand was the gentle face of "Mercy" in her plain garments, and the maiden "Ready to Help" beside her.

But enough for this time. When next the brain is weary, and the nerves complain, and you long for Arcadia far away, remember that Beulah Land is only about three hours from the "Hub."

* * *

OVER a month ago, while Aunt Serena was away on her vacation, her pet dog died — a beautiful, tawny Scotch collie, with black and white markings, large, intelligent brown eyes, and a big feathery tail. I have missed the dear fellow as only those who own and love dogs can understand. A collie is my favorite breed of dog, but they are rather inclined to be treacherous, and will snap sometimes when bothered. Then, with their long hair, it is difficult to wash them, especially if there is no man or boy in the family. A new dog is now a necessity, and Aunt Serena, thinking some of her readers in the vicinity of Boston might have one for sale, has ventured to broach the subject in her column. A brindle bull terrier, male, from eight months to a year old, at a reasonable price, is what is desired; or perhaps a good-sized Scotch terrier would do. Aunt Serena hopes her little "want" will not bring an avalanche of dogs through the mail, or a procession of them to her office; but she would be very grateful if she could hear of the *right* dog through some friendly reader.

AUNT SERENA.

EXAMINED.

SUCCESSFUL missionary work in heathen countries is done only by missionaries who possess a rare combination of personal traits. In too many cases the examination of the candidate fails to reveal the presence or the absence of this combination. But the following story tells how an unusual examination, a sort of X-ray, made known that a certain young man was just the sort of missionary needed: —

It was winter; the examiner sent the candidate word to be at his home at three o'clock in the morning. When the young man arrived at the appointed time, he was shown into the study, where he waited for five hours. At length the old clergyman appeared, and asked the other how early he had come.

"Three o'clock sharp."

"All right; it's breakfast time now; come in and have some breakfast."

After breakfast they went back to the room.

"Well, sir," said the old man, "I was appointed to examine you as to your fitness for the mission-field; that is very important. Can you spell, sir?"

The young man thought he could.

"Spell baker, then."

"B-a, ba, k-e-r, ker, baker."

"All right; that will do. Now do you know anything about figures?"

"Yes, sir, something."

"How much is twice two."

"Four."

"All right, that's splendid; you'll do first-rate. I'll see the board."

When the board met, the old man reported: —

"Well, brethren, I have examined the candidate, and I recommend him for appointment. He'll make a tip-top candidate — first-class!

"First," said the old examiner, "I examined the candidate on his self-denial. I told him to be at my house at three o'clock in the morning. He was there. That meant getting up at two in the morning, or sooner, in the dark and cold. He got up; never asked me why.

"Second — I examined him on promptness. I told him to be at my house at three sharp. He was there, not one minute behind time.

"Third — I examined him on patience. I let him wait five hours for me, when he might just as well have been in bed, and he waited and showed no signs of impatience when I went in.

"Fourth — I examined him on his temper. He didn't get mad; met me perfectly pleasant, didn't ask me why I had kept him waiting from three o'clock on a cold winter morning till eight.

"Fifth — I examined him on humility. I asked him to spell words a five-year-old child could spell, and to do sums in arithmetic a five-year-old child could do, and he didn't show any indignation; didn't ask me why I wanted to treat him like a child or a fool.

"Brethren, the candidate is self-denying, prompt, patient, obedient, good-tempered, humble; he's just the man for a missionary, and I recommend him for your acceptance."— *Youth's Companion.*

"THE PINK CALICO BOWL."

The fever was over, but weary and weak
Our dear little Isabel lay,
No dainty could tempt her, no story could please —
How fast she was fading away!

"My darling," said I, "if your dolly were ill,
Pray what do you think she would eat?
And how would you serve it all dainty and nice —
Just think what would please her, my sweet."

The wan, listless face brightened up with a smile,
The faint little voice touched my soul:
"I think I would give her some crackers and soup
In grandma's pink calico bowl!"

How swiftly I brought it — the heirloom we prize —
A century treasured with care;
And thought how the darling had worshiped afar
This china so ancient and rare.

What blessed reward was her gay little laugh,
And the "soup" — why, she mastered the whole!
"O mamma," said she, "I'll eat six times a day
From grandma's pink calico bowl!"

More precious than jewels we treasure it yet,
And trace on our history's scroll:
"The life of our darling was certainly saved
By grandma's 'pink calico' bowl!"

— LANTA WILSON SMITH, in *Youth's Companion.*

THE CORDIAL MISS HARRIS.

"ISN'T she charming?"

"She couldn't be more so."

"She isn't pretty!"

"N-o. And yet — no, you couldn't call her at all pretty."

"Certainly not, though you never think of that. Do you call her young?"

"No, but you never think whether she is young or old."

"Do you think she dresses in good taste?"

"Much as I love her, I must admit, now that you make me think of it, that she dresses atrociously."

"Do you count her a bright woman?"

"Very — no, I don't believe she is at all! I can't think of a bright thing I ever heard her say, and I don't believe she has an accomplishment. Why do you suppose we all find her so charming?"

"I know why. I formulated it the other day. She has one accomplishment: she knows how to shake hands. You don't notice whether she is a high shaker or a low shaker. All you notice is that she puts into her hand-shake something which makes us find her the most charming woman we ever met. The whole secret is that she is, above everything else, cordial. You never think of Miss Harris as being ugly, nor unbecomingly dressed, nor stupid, nor any of the unpleasant things. All this may be true, but her great cordiality of manner makes you feel how glad she is to see you, and also how very nice you must yourself be to inspire her with such a feeling of joy. So you go right to work to be as nice as she seems to think you are. While you are in her presence, you may be upon the verge of lapsing into vicious criticism of the shortcomings of some one whom every one else thinks detestable, but, at the mention of a new name, Miss Harris grows instantly alert, and fairly beams again with cordiality and graciousness. So how in the world can you say disagreeable things about people to a woman who always knows some nice little speech to make about them, even if it is only to praise the perfect taste with which their chicken coop is painted?"

"Miss Harris taught me another thing about cordiality the other day. All my life I have been meeting people on the street whom I was not quite sure I knew. Many a time I have half spoken, so that if I ought to have spoken they would take it as a bow, while, if I was mistaken, they would think I was suddenly interested in a bug on the pavement. You know how I mean?"

"Yes, indeed; as John says he does when he puts up his hand to take off his hat, and then tries to pretend to scratch his ear when he fails to get the bow he expected."

"Well, Miss Harris spoke in her most cordial manner the other day to a passing stranger, and then said to me she thought she had made a mistake. 'But,' she said, 'I always speak, if I speak at all, as though I was sure I knew the person; for no one is deceived by half recognition and every one resents it; while, if you bow heartily to the wrong person, he realizes instantly that you have simply made a mistake.'

"Well, if that isn't an easy way to be the most agreeable person in the world — simply to be cordial in manner. To be sure you must be cordial at heart, or you will be found out — just to be glad to see folks, and tell them so by face and voice and hand! And for that to be counted the most agreeable person in the world! Well!" — MARGARET MONTGOMERY, in *S. S. Times.*

Boys and Girls.

THE LITTLE B'S.

Annie Hamilton Donnell.

IT had been such a noisy, busy day at the little Brown B-hive on Vandecker Street! All the little B's had buzzed so loudly and flown about so constantly that the poor Queen B's ears ached, and her nerves ached, too.

She was getting the B-bread and honey ready for tea, and musing away to herself after a gentle fashion of hers.

"Seems to me I shall fly!" she murmured. "It does seem as if I must have a little breathing-spell between now and their bed-times. Dear little souls, they don't mean to wear me out!"

The shining knife slipped through the loaf and another even, delicate slice of the B-bread slanted forward on the little heap of slices. Through the crack in the dining-room door squeezed all sorts of shrill noises, crowding each other to get out. The dear Queen B sighed gently.

"I suppose it's because there's so many of 'em," she went on, musing. "You couldn't expect a hiveful of little busy B's — nine of 'em counting Baby B — to sit still all day long. Dear little souls!"

The Queen B's musings always began or ended with "dear little souls."

"*Dear* little souls!" she went on. "Well, I'm going to give 'em a chance to earn a little bit of spending money. I'm going to hire 'em to be good and keep still a whole hour — no, that's too long. I should get homesick myself! Half an hour, I guess, 'll do."

"Busy B's! Busy B's!" she called at the door.

The whole swarm flew out into the kitchen at once.

"I'll pay you a cent apiece if you'll keep still half an hour — that'll be till supper," the Queen B said. "Now you go back in there and earn your centses."

She laughed. "And I guess it'll be saving *my* senses," she added.

For awhile it was very quiet in the B-hive, and the gentle Queen B rested a little. Then, from the subdued buzzing and rustling in one corner of the dining-room she knew the B's had swarmed on the sofa. When the B's swarmed there was likely to be mischief, or something else of importance, going on.

"She isn't rich," buzzed the little fat drone B.

"She's most poor," buzzed Honey B.

"Let's don't take it," buzzed the worker B's.

"Let's don't!" they all buzzed.

"Buzz-zz! Buzz-zz!"

Soon after the swarming the Queen B saw the dining-room door open a tiny crack and a big white poster edge out through. It dangled from a long pink string, and the string was tied to a long stick. There it swung and twisted round.

The Queen B was used to posters. She went up and read this one. It said, in very large, decided-looking letters that didn't all of them toe the same mark: —

WE hAVe dESIDEd We'L B *GOod FOr nOt HInG!*

The Queen B wasn't a bit dismayed, as you might think. You see, she understood.

"Dear little souls!" she buzzed softly, through the crack.

Kent's Hill, Me.

Editorial.

REVIVAL.

IS personal soul-winning becoming a lost art? Are we mistaken in thinking that there is less of it than formerly? Do the forces and customs of the present day favor the habit of manifesting an earnest interest in the spiritual welfare of others, particularly the unsaved? That they do not, will doubtless be granted. But does that fact afford sufficient reason for its so general neglect? This will not be claimed; wherever duty is clear it should be diligently done. Can there be a question as to the duty of very frequently magnifying the worth of our salvation, and recommending it to the serious attention of those we meet?

Our words in praise of Christ are too few. A thousand trivial events are commemorated in speech, while we are silent about eternal things. We have derived inestimable help from the Church of Jesus, but we seldom urge upon others the obligation or privilege of its fellowship. This ought not so to be. A religion not worth mentioning is a very poor kind. Selfishness and indifference to the everlasting good of others is an easily besetting sin of nearly all. There are few whose conscience does not convict them of remissness in pleading with friends and neighbors concerning God's claims. A revival at this point would seem to be in order. It would result in such a reformation as would double our congregations.

ORIGINALITY IN THE PULPIT.

"THERE are some voices crying in the wilderness which fill the land with echoes." That is Phillips Brooks' way of saying that great preachers have many imitators. In the palmy days of Spurgeon almost every Baptist student took him for a model, and succeeded in reproducing only his eccentricities. There was a time when the American pulpit was threatened with an avalanche of Beechers, and even now nearly every town has a budding Parkhurst who would remedy all the evils from which the community suffers — with his golden counsels. It does not require a profound acquaintance with the principles of homiletics on the part of the public to discover the difference between the originals and the copies. As Phillips Brooks reminds us: "The spirit of the copyist is always blind; he cannot discern the *real* secret of the power which he admires." It is with him a repetition of the old fable of the jackdaw who arrayed himself in the cast-off feathers of a peacock and proudly strutted about in the vain belief that he was a peacock. First of all he gets laughed at; then he receives rough treatment at the hands of his enraged companions; and finally he disappears to be heard of no more.

A clever French satirist of our day has a brilliant passage in his latest book in which he represents a writer as anxiously asking himself the question, "Whom shall I imitate in order to be original?" We fear that many young preachers are asking the same question. Originality in the pulpit is the crown of greatness in preaching. It is the pearl of great price in sermons, and sermon-makers are prepared to sell everything else in order to buy it. But they often go the wrong way about the purchase. To mistake a grotesque distortion of the most familiar truths for something fresh and wonderful, or the weak and servile imitation of the intellectual mannerisms of a famous preacher for personal preaching power, is a childish error utterly unworthy of the intelligence with which the public credits every man who enters the pulpit. A right conception of what constitutes originality should be one of the first lessons in clerical culture. It does not consist in the creation of matter, for that has been done by the thinkers who went before, but in the selection, combination, and manipulation of the matter already in existence. He who thinks he can add a distinctly new contribution to the subject matter of pulpit teaching must either be an insufferable coxcomb or a candidate for a lunatic asylum. Originality is denied even to men of genius in these days of searching criticism. Lowell has shown very clearly, in one of his charming essays, that Geoffrey Chaucer was an inveterate borrower of the thoughts of other people, taking everything that suited his purpose and making the most of it. And Shakespeare is proved to have been still less original, if that were possible. Yet Chaucer and Shakespeare were original with a regal originality all their own. Their greatness lay not in the creation of matter, but in the use they made of it. That is the only kind of originality possible or desirable in the pulpit.

"If you want to be an original preacher," wrote Dr. Dale, "look at heaven and hell, life and death, sin and holiness, with your own eyes; listen for yourselves to the voice of God; ask Him to reveal to you the glory of His love, the steadfastness of His truth, the energy of His righteousness; and tell the world what you have seen and heard. Pierce to the heart of things. Get at the facts which lie behind appearances. In this way originality will come to you when you are not seeking it." This advice could not be improved upon. It comes from one who was a great man and a great saint as well as a great preacher. He who would preach well must first see the Vision and hear the Voice. In the chamber of communion and from the pages of a Bible illuminated by the Holy Spirit he must seek the originality of heart which is widely different from the originality of mind. The great commonplaces of religion must become as new and vivid and real to him as if he saw them for the first time. Then he can enter the pulpit with a decision on his lips, a fire of intense conviction in his soul, and a freshness of truth pouring out of the fountain of spiritual experience, that shall invest his sermon with real originality. The way may be narrow to intellectual pride and self-conceit, but it leads into the large place of green pastures and still waters. Try it.

ATTITUDE OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN METHODISM TOWARDS TEMPERANCE REFORM.

AMERICAN Methodism can never be unmindful of the debt of gratitude it owes to the great religious awakening under Wesley. To that movement it traces not only its existence at a strikingly providential and opportune moment in this nation's development, but also the evangelical spirit and method that have always characterized our work, and the most prominent and valuable features of our constitution and polity as an ecclesiastical organization. But neither gratitude nor the warm affection sedulously cherished between the two great sections of Methodism obliges us to repress a sentiment of regret that the mother church timidly lingers so far behind us in almost all the elements most effective for successfully grappling with the most formidable problems and perils of the age. The high sacerdotal tone and unconscious clerical pharisaism of some of the men who took part in the debate on the proposed change in the "order of sessions" at the Conference recently held in the city of Leeds, would probably have provoked only a ripple of merriment here, and would have been regarded as a ludicrous and harmless anachronism; but the attitude there assumed towards the liquor trade by men high in the councils of the Wesleyan Church would certainly have been met in sterner mood if avowed by individuals of similar influential status and repute in any Conference on this side the water. The discussion occasioned by the memorial (rejected) of the Rochester Circuit to the effect "That persons directly engaged in the liquor traffic be disqualified from holding any official position in our church," leaves no doubt as to the fatuous and fatal complicity of British Methodism with the most gigantic iniquity of the time, presenting in this particular a painful contrast to the policy of our church, whose supreme court and unanimous episcopate unhesitatingly and emphatically condemn it as a traffic which "cannot be legalized without sin." That remarkable debate made it clear that persons "directly engaged" in the manufacture and sale of liquor are reputable and respected members of the Wesleyan Church, superintendents of her Sunday-schools, occupants of her pulpits and of the most prominent places in her quarterly meetings, synods and committees. The "blood money" — as one of the most powerful and successful of the younger generation of English Methodist preachers called it — flows into the church's treasury from many quarters, and instances were cited of persons superintending Sunday-schools in the earlier portion of the day and in its later hours giving their time and energies to the sale and distribution of liquor. Under the circumstances it is hardly to be marveled that the temperance committee in their report had the humiliation of confessing themselves baffled and beaten in presence of an enemy which boasts so secure a footing within their own camp. That report showed a net loss of three thousand members from their "Bands of Hope" during the year in spite of the rare eloquence and unwearied activity of the committee's secretary and a hundred other able advocates of reform.

The most curious feature of the debate, and one which brings out vividly the contrast between British and American Methodism, is the apparently unconscious abandonment on the part of the English clergymen, not only of the avowedly hostile attitude of Wesley, but of what is here regarded as a leading function of the church and the ministry — the creation and leadership of public opinion on the great moral questions of the hour. It is truly distressing to find men like Dr. Ebenezer Jenkins, Dr. Banks, Hugh Price Hughes and the ex-president and president of the Conference — Drs. Randles and Watkinson — advising their brethren not to step in advance of public opinion in rescuing the church and its officiary from a discreditable and disastrous complicity with the most notable wickedness of the age.

Are Our Bishops Autocratic?

PERSONALLY we believe, after many years of critical observation, and without predisposition in their favor, that there is but little ground of complaint against our Bishops because of the wrong use of the autocratic power invested in them. A Bishop is often called to decide in a case which has been worked up with much feeling and where there are strong parties on either side. In such instances the Bishop will be censured by one side or the other — that side, of course, whose wishes and preferences he disappoints. The same result would ensue if a jury of twelve laymen were called to make the same decision. From the very nature of the situation one faction must feel disappointed and very likely aggrieved. The trouble is not with the Bishop, but with the peculiarity of our economy.

But with this concession, which we frankly make, we nevertheless think that our Bishops might often relieve themselves from the appearance of being autocratic, and even from that charge. As an illustration we note the following statement of an exceedingly wise course on the part of Bishop McCabe, as it appears in the *Michigan Christian Advocate*: —

"There is a tradition in Methodism that Bishops are opposed to any method of selecting presiding elders save the old one of absolute episcopal choice; but Bishop McCabe recently set an example which may lead to new customs. It was at the South Kansas Conference. The situation was perplexing. He was a stranger. In his frank way he told the Conference that he would be glad to have a ballot cast showing the mind of the brethren as to their choice for presiding elders. He stated plainly that he would not promise to appoint their choice, but wanted to know their mind. They voted, and he appointed the man or men they asked for. This is an innovation. We never heard of more than one other such case. But why is it not a wise course to pursue? Let the Conference nominate, and the Bishop appoint — if he pleases. We purposely emphasize that last clause. It is better that the Bishop should have the final determination of the matter. He is supposed to be disinterested, and the genius of Methodism requires the final personal authority."

Personals.

— Rev. I. H. Correll, D. D., for the last six years presiding elder of Nagasaki District, Japan Conference, arrived in New York, August 24.

— The N. Y. *Tribune* announces that Rev. M. Emory Wright, of Cochituate, preached in the Manhattan Congregational Church, that city, last Sunday.

— The first page of the last *Epworth Herald* is devoted to an interesting sketch of a visit to Nova Scotia by Rev. F. N. Upham, of Baker Memorial Church, this city.

— The *Philadelphia Press* speaks in high terms of praise of the sermon preached by Rev. S. McBurney at Ocean City, N. J., on the last day of the camp-meeting.

— The oldest son of the late Rev. Sia Sek Ong, D. D., is in the employ of the British Government as interpreter at their consulate. He is a thorough English scholar.

— Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, pastor of Metropolitan Temple, New York city, who has been spending the summer in England, reaches home, Sept. 8, by the "Teutonic."

— Lady Henry Somerset has engaged passage on the "St. Louis," for Oct. 2. She comes to America to attend the conventions of the World's and National Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Toronto and Buffalo.

— Prof. Stewart Scott, of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary at Lima, N. Y., died at Forsythe, Mont., recently, at the age of 28. He graduated from Syracuse University in '94, and in the following year was instructor in Latin and mathematics.

— The *Northern Christian Advocate* of last week says: "Rev. S. O. Benton, D. D., pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Fall River, is spending his vacation at Williamstown, Mass. Dr. Benton is secretary of the Book Committee."

— Dean Buell is expected home from Europe before this can reach the eyes of our readers. He will be glad to hear at once from any candidates for our School of Theology who for any reason may have delayed their application till this time. We are informed that promptness will be very necessary to secure accommodation.

— Rev. Dr. W. W. Bowdish, of Danbury, Conn., writes under date of Sept. 2: "Miss Harriet Phillips, the author of Hymn 884 of our Hymnal, died in Danbury, Aug. 31, at the age of 91 years. She was a member of this church since early girlhood. She was a fine character and a good woman. I may prepare a more extended notice of her."

— Mr. Lloyd H. Andrews, now of Denver, Colo., but formerly a prominent worker at First Church, this city, has been making a visit among friends in this vicinity. Impaired health led him to take up his residence in Colorado, but having with full physical restoration also found a fine business opening, he expects to remain permanently in the West.

— Miss Cassandra S. Woodward, of Bowdoinham, Me., an original member of Central Church, Lowell (retaining her membership there till her death), passed away Aug. 5. Rev. A. W. Pottle writes: "She was a most worthy Christian lady, her life full of good deeds, loved by all who knew her. During her protracted illness she manifested great patience and fortitude."

— Miss Fanny Hayes, the only daughter of the late ex-President Hayes, was married at Fremont, O., Sept. 1, to Ensign Harry E. Smith, U. S. N., now stationed on the U. S. Training Ship "Constellation" at Newport, R. I. Rev. Dr. J. W. Bashford, president of Ohio Wesleyan University, performed the ceremony. President and Mrs. McKinley were among the notable guests present.

— President Warren reports that the great day of the feast at Ocean Grove was worthy of anything in its history. The day following, Aug. 30, he had the pleasure of welcoming home from a year in Europe his youngest daughter, Miss Winifred, and his niece, Miss Carrie L. Warren, daughter of Bishop Warren. The travelers had had a favorable voyage and were in excellent health and spirits.

— The *Central Christian Advocate* says: "Rev. A. A. Berle, a gifted young Congregational clergyman, whose boyhood home was in St. Louis, and who was aided by generous friends in this city in his early efforts to get a college education, supplied the pulpit of Lindell Ave. Church during July and August. In other summers he has acted as a supply for a Congregational and for a Presbyterian Church, thus making many friends. Some of these friends gave him a dinner at the Planters' Hotel last week, at which ex-Gov. Stanard presided. Mr. Berle is a scholar of fine attainments, and an attractive preacher."

— Rev. J. W. Johnston, D. D., of Middletown, Conn., in a personal letter pays this tribute to the late Dr. Sherman: —

"Dr. Sherman held a high place in my esteem, and I regarded him as one of the ablest, truest, and best men I have ever known. You are right in saying that the New England Conference has not another such man, nor indeed any Conference in our church. But may I differ with you somewhat in your estimate of his preaching? When he was my presiding elder I remember a really great sermon of his on 'Caleb,' and also another fully as great on the 'Syrophenician Woman.' As for that 'tone' of his which sometimes drawled and twanged, it really added to the charm of the sermon."

— Rev. William D. Bridge, whose office in this city is at 30 Pemberton Square, was for nine years the private secretary of Bishop Vincent, the Chancellor of Chautauqua, and has been for seventeen years an active worker at Chautauqua. Mr. Bridge has just been appointed district secretary for New England of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and will enter upon his work immediately. Mr. Bridge is the president of the class of 1884, is well known in many parts of New England, and desires to open at once communication with all persons desiring to organize local circles, or begin personal study, in the great Chautauqua Reading Circle. All earnest graduates are requested to send him their names and addresses for the purpose of desired correspondence.

— Rev. T. C. Martin, of Cherry Valley, thus tells of the triumphant death of his mother: —

"My mother, Mrs. John Martin, passed triumphantly over 'only a little brook' — as she called it — at Warren, Wednesday, Aug. 25, in her 75th year. She was a great lover of ZION'S HERALD, and read the last issue before her death. I never supposed a modest, timid little woman could face death so calmly and bravely as she did. Her last words were: 'He gave me living grace, He'll give me dying grace.' The very last complete passage she repeated was Psa. 91: 1: 'I waited patiently for the Lord and He inclined unto me and heard my cry.' Father is greatly comforted in her testimony. The funeral was from the church she loved, Rev. Alonzo Sanderson officiating. Three sons, two daughters and nineteen grandchildren have a dear soul awaiting them across 'the little brook.'"

— Dr. Miner Raymond, of Evanston, celebrated his 86th birthday, Aug. 29, at his home. All the other old-timers of Evanston, his children and grandchildren, and his friends and neighbors called on him with their congratulations. He walked over to the home of his son, James H. Raymond, on Asbury Avenue, for dinner, and then again in the evening for tea. His four children are James H. Raymond, Fred D. Raymond, Sam P. Raymond, and Mrs. P. B. Shumway. Dr. Raymond was born in New York city on Aug. 29, 1811. In 1864 he was elected to the chair of systematic theology in Garrett Biblical Institute, and held it until two years ago, when he resigned. Greatly honored, revered and beloved throughout the church, it is earnestly hoped he may linger many years yet before his transfiguration.

—U. S. Senator George Frisbie Hoar quietly celebrated his 71st birthday at Worcester, on Sunday, Aug. 29. A silver loving cup inscribed with the Senator's name was presented by some of his nearest friends. He told the reporter he did not think his birthday of sufficient public portance to demand an interview. "I went to church, as any honest man should," he said. "And I spent the rest of the day quietly at home."

— At the recent session of the Colorado Conference, Rev. A. C. Peck, D. D., who has been associated for the last two or three years with Dr. A. B. Simpson, of faith-healing fame, asked for a location on the ground that his sympathies were fully in the special missionary work in which he was engaged, and that, though he loved the Methodist Church none the less, and his brethren in it, yet he thought it would be better for the church and for himself to take a location. The request was granted. The *Denver Republican*, in reporting the event, says: —

"A resolution by Presiding Elder Madison granting Dean Peck's request and accepting his withdrawal with sincere regret was passed. Chancellor McDowell made a personal statement of his deep and abiding love for Dean Peck, and wished him God-speed in his new work. It is understood that Mr. Peck will continue his missionary work under the direction of the Christian Alliance."

— "A king of science" is a title that may justly be given to Nicola Tesla, whose electrical discoveries are the marvel of this marvelous age. Born in a little village on the borderland of Austro-Hungary, of the Servian race, forty years ago, the young Nicola was destined by his father, a clergyman of the Greek Church, for the priesthood. But his whole bent was toward electricity and magnetism, and he received a thorough scientific education. About 1882 he came to America and went to work in Edison's laboratory. Afterward he became associated with different companies which placed his inventions on the market, and later he established a laboratory of his own in New York. In personal appearance Mr. Tesla is tall and slender, with straight black hair, high cheek bones, and deeply set blue eyes. He is equipped with the best technical education that Europe and America could furnish, and what he has accomplished in electrical research surpasses the most brilliant flights of the imagination. Tesla never married. He says: "I believe that a writer or a musician should marry. They gain inspiration that leads to finer achievement. But an inventor has so intense a nature, with so much in it of wild, passionate quality, that, in giving himself to a woman, he would give up everything, and so take everything from his chosen field. It is a pity, too; sometimes we feel so lonely."

Brieflets.

The Salvation Army has sent a detachment to the Klondike gold fields.

The *Christian Guardian* of Sept. 1 is a special educational number, devoted to the colleges of the Methodist Church of Canada, with illustrations of the college buildings, the presidents and professors.

Rev. Geo. B. Smyth kindly forwards to our office a copy of the Minutes of the twentieth session of the Foochow Conference, held at Foochow, Nov. 18-23, 1896. It is a bulky little pamphlet of 110 pages.

Without doubt the greatest need among us is a general, profound and normal spirit of revival in our churches. May the appeal of our resident Bishop and of our presiding elders greatly help to bring about such a result!

"Explain it as you will," said Dr. W. F. Oldham, in a recent very forceful address, "the Christless nations are the nations suffering from poverty." There was much to challenge serious thought in that significant statement.

Everywhere there is discontent, even among Christian people, with their environment. So very many might be ideal Christians if only they could occupy the position of somebody else! From youth to old age all classes of people indulge this fancy and desire. In most cases this is a mistaken and fatal delusion. God governs this world, and He has placed His children where — whatever the surroundings may be — they will make largest growth in Christian living if they "fight a good fight" just where they are. To do the very best in the right spirit in an unhappy and even exasperating environment means greater growth in saintliness than where there are no crucial temptations and tests. We would not complain of our environment if we knew God's purpose in hedging us up where we are.

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne there were not more than a hundred abstainers among the ministers of the various religious denominations in the United Kingdom, no Bishops, and only about a dozen members of the medical profession. Today there are, according to returns just issued, two Archbishops, fourteen Bishops of English dioceses, many thousand clergymen of every denomination, and eighteen hundred physicians who are total abstainers. Moreover, one man in every three in the army is a teetotaller.

What our vacation has done for us will be immediately manifested by the spirit and purpose which we exhibit on our return to our home, our work and our church. What would be the verdict if inquiry should be made of members of our family, or of those who toil at our side, or of the pastor of the church? An exchange speaks of "a Christian atmosphere," and the ability of each Christian disciple to create it. Are we doing that?

Attention is again called to the fact that ZION'S HERALD goes to press on Tuesday morning, and that notices and brief items for insertion in a current issue must be in hand on Monday. Every week "live" copy is received after the forms have gone to the press room.

An American woman of a life-long and profound Christian experience, who has resided for several years in South America, tells of her great joy, on returning to this land, "in listening again to good sermons," having "heard but very little good preaching in all the years of her absence." This devout woman did not intend to reflect upon the ability of the men sent out as missionaries to that land, and for this very reason her statements are the more significant. We have long felt that if able missionaries are sent anywhere, it should be to Roman Catholic countries.

The Milford M. E. Church will furnish six of its best young people for Boston University this fall opening. Three of the six are young men preparing for the ministry, and all are members of the church. If any other Methodist Episcopal Church in New England can make a better showing, let us hear from it.

The difficulty with many people is that they have no correct idea of what it is to be a Christian. To their thought there is some vague and inexplicable mystery connected with Christian discipleship. They look for some miraculous manifestation that shall lift them into a high plane of Christian experience and living. Not so, in any definable sense. To be a Christian is to overcome the evil that is within us and to do all the good we can according to the Christ pattern. To most people it is a struggle with very familiar infirmities and weaknesses. Paul in old age called it a "warfare," a "fight." A very simple but a very intense and practical thing it is to be an every-day Christian.

Rev. Otis Cole, of Paxton, Mass., writes under date of Sept. 2: —

"Your item concerning Dr. Dorchester's revision of Porter's 'Compendium of Methodism' takes my eye today. You say: 'It is about twenty years since the editor revised the work named.' About that date. I have a copy of the original work bearing the imprint of Charles H. Pierce & Company, 5 Cornhill, Boston, 1851. My father was a Baptist deacon. I was converted in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Spencer, Mass., Rev. William M. Mann, pastor. After a little some Baptist friends gave me books to read, supposing to influence me to join the church of my parents, albeit my worthy father advised me to think carefully and then make my church home where it really was. I honor him for such wise counsel. I asked Pastor Mann for some book to reveal something more of Methodism, and he sold me this copy of Dr. Porter's work. It was of great service, and in something more than due time I became a member of the church under whose influence I was 'born from above,' and have been glad ever since."

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.

Rev. Hugh Johnston, D. D.

THE fourth Lambeth Conference is now a matter of history.

Lambeth Palace

is an old structure on the Thames, opposite the Parliament buildings, which has been for seven hundred years the official residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. The oldest portions of this irregular pile were erected by Archbishop Boniface, and about 150 Archbishops since his day have been consecrated here. The Gothic gateway was built by Cardinal Morton about the year 1500. The Lollard's Tower close to this gate is so named because here the followers of Wickliffe were imprisoned and tortured. You still see in the upper portion of the Tower, named "the prison," the rings to which the prisoners were chained, and inscriptions cut by them on the walls. The library of this residential palace is very fine, and contains more than 30,000 manuscripts, many of them exceedingly rare and valuable. On the west side of the inner court is the great hall, about 100 feet long and 40 wide, in which the two hundred Bishops have met for a month's discussion, relieved from time to time by a great variety of social functions. The previous Conferences had done much to widen and strengthen the bonds of the Anglican communion, and the late occupant of the chair of Augustine, Archbishop Benson, issued invitations to all the Bishops of this world-wide organization, and made anxious and careful preparations for the great gathering. But while on a visit to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden Castle, the two venerable men had walked through the park to the parish church, and during the service the Archbishop was stricken with paralysis and died almost immediately. His successor, Archbishop Temple, took up the work with great sympathy and interest, throwing into it the entire force of his great intellect and personal character, and with admirable dignity and unfailing courtesy has presided over the august gathering. About two hundred Bishops had responded to Archbishop Benson's invitation, including all the independent branches of the Anglican communion from the tropics to the Pole. When the assembly met it was found that there were more than this number of prelates. They had come from every quarter of the globe, wherever the Union Jack flies or the English language is spoken, from civilized and uncivilized lands; three of the Missionary Bishops were colored, and one-fourth of the entire number were Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States.

The synod was opened on the 30th of June with a Bishops' "devotional day" at Lambeth. Next day there was a special even-song at Westminster Abbey, the Archbishop of York preaching the sermon. On July 2 special visits were paid to Ebbefleet and Richborough and Kent, where St. Augustine entered upon his labors thirteen centuries ago. Then came the opening service in Canterbury Cathedral; and on Monday, July 5, the Conference assembled for the first time in Lambeth Palace. The discussions were not public, and must, therefore, have been more free and calm. The Archbishop's inaugural address was on "The Organization of the Anglican Communion." And such subjects as the following were treated: "The Relation of Religious Communities within the Church to the Episcopate;" "The Critical Study of Holy Scripture;" "Foreign Missions;" "International Arbitration;" "Church Unity;" "The Office of the Church with Respect to Industrial Problems;" "Duties of the Church to the Colonies;" "Degrees in Divinity."

Committees were appointed to consider these questions in detail, and after protracted deliberation they have presented a long series of resolutions which have been published, as well as the encyclical. This "letter to the faithful" is rather disappointing. Its treatment of vital subjects is trite and commonplace, and can only be accounted for on the supposition that there were so many different opinions on these matters of such interest to church life and work, that unanimity of sentiment could only be obtained along general lines. For such a result so much time and money and personal effort must surely have been expended in vain. The old quotation of our college days comes up: "*Parturiunt montes nascetur ridiculus mus.*" But we cannot judge the results of this Conference from such an outlet. These assembled Bishops, the heads of the Anglican communion whose history is entwined in all that is noblest and best in English history and English institutions the world over, consulting together for a month upon the diversified work of the church, seeking to extend and consolidate its influence for good, cannot but give increased [illegible] life, and [illegible] of a church which spreads "from sea to sea and from the rivers to the ends of the earth." The visit was well timed to coincide with that of so many representatives from sixty colonies and dependencies to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee, and so has helped to impress upon the public mind the fact that the Anglican Church is not only conterminous with the State, but with the British Empire. The presence of fifty out of the eighty Bishops of the American Protestant Episcopal Church should also serve to bring England and the United States into closer touch and prevent the appalling calamity of war ever taking place between them.

The Conference closed with

An Impressive Service in St. Paul's Cathedral

on Aug. 1. Not only were nearly all the Bishops present, with the chaplains and many members of the Lower Houses of Convocation for Canterbury and York, but a very large attendance of the general public. Rev. Dr. Milburn and I were favored with excellent seats in the gallery of the choir, just above the pulpit. It was an impressive spectacle to see the Bishops in their scarlet robes, the clergy and the choir, the vergers, the vicars-choral, the minor canons, and the prebendaries proceed up the middle aisle of the Cathedral, singing the hymn, "Blessed City, Heavenly Salem." The members of the Houses of Laymen and the Houses of Convocation and the clergy took seats under the dome. The Bishops, the metropolitans, and chaplains of metropolitans, had seats assigned them in the choir. The Archbishop of Canterbury took his text from John 15: 4: "Abide in Me and I in you." It was a thoughtful, spiritual discourse, delivered from notes, but in a very humdrum style, with the pump-handle, rising-and-falling inflection of the English preacher; and only the diction and thought redeemed it from the most old-fashioned local-preaching. His closing words were: —

"My brothers, we have lately come together, and we are about to part. We have come together with the desire to do our Master's service better. We have been consulting how best we may go on in the path He has tracked out before us. What is it above all else that shall hold our hearts together, though parted by broad seas and vast extents of land, though our chance of hearing each other's voices is far away and seeing each other's faces is no longer possible, and the intercourse between us is but a faint shadow of that which has penetrated our hearts and souls through the last month — what is it that shall still hold us together? Will it not be that we shall endeavor to abide in Christ, knowing that He will abide in us? Will it not be that every man, when he thinks of any other, will feel, 'He, too, is following the Master, whom I am endeavoring to follow; he, too, though far away, is under the dominion of that great thought that the Christian everywhere abides in Christ, and Christ abides in him.' When we think of each other in our separation, shall it not encourage us to remember that there were so many of us gathered together to speak of the things of heaven and of the service of the Lord? They have gone away and we are scattered over the face of the earth, but one spirit remains within their hearts and ours. We shall find a unity with them in the endeavor to abide in Christ, and they, we know, will find a unity with us in the endeavor to abide in Christ. All of us alike should feel through our hearts and souls that Christ abides in us; that we are not working alone, that we have many and many a brother scattered far and wide whose heart is with us still, and each one will feel the support of all the rest, and each one will pray for the Lord's abundant blessing on all those with whom he once joined in solemn conference. It is with this thought that I would desire to break up this assembly of Bishops of all our communion; with this thought we go away pledged to endeavor to abide in Christ, certain of the great principle that Christ will abide in us."

After the sermon came the offertory to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts. While the alms were being collected in the choir and nave, the Archbishops and Bishops within the sacrarium advanced separately and presented their oblations, kneeling at the Holy Table. The Bishop of London then took the great golden alms-dish and delivered it to the minor canon, who proceeded to the entrance of the sacrarium to receive from the officers the alms of the congregation. These oblations were handed back to the Bishop of London, and with much ceremony they were presented by him. The holy communion followed, and while characterized by great beauty and solemnity, it was marred in its simplicity by the highest of High Churchism. The bread and wine were placed upon the Holy Table; and the Archbishop, having read the service and communicated, administered the holy communion to the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Minnesota. Then they administered to the metropolitans who knelt on a lower platform, and six of these administered to the other communicants who knelt on a still lower platform. The bread was received in the open palm, and then thrown into the mouth as if too sacred to be held between the thumb and finger. After the blessing had been pronounced by the Archbishop, he still held his cross in his left hand while the *Te Deum* was sung, and the procession of Bishops retired in the reverse order to that in which it entered, the Archbishop of Canterbury preceding.

A luncheon given by the Board of Missions followed, and after the health of the Queen was proposed, the Archbishop proposed "the health of the President of the United States," and said he was sure "they would be ready to do all honor to the man who was the choice of that great Republic with which we were bound in many close ties, which we desired to be our warm friend throughout all our history, with which we desired to cultivate [illegible] the earth."

The remainder of the program was of the character of holiday-making. A visit to Glastonbury, King Arthur's "Isle of Rest," took place on Tuesday, when the Bishop-Designate of Bristol gave an address and spoke of the legend of the foundation of Glastonbury by Joseph of Arimathea, and of the sacred tree at Avalon. He commented on the grave errors contained in the document issued by Cardinal Vaughan, in which it was claimed that England was dedicated in early times to St. Peter, by showing that when Ina, King of Wessex, founded a church here, it was in honor of St. Peter and St. Paul. The earliest dedications in England to single apostles were to St. Andrew and St. Paul, not to St. Peter. He closed by saying that in the spiritual world it is not land and sea that make separation, that distance is annihilated, that all are one in mutual prayer and eucharist.

On Wednesday of that first week in August Wells Cathedral was the rendezvous, and on Friday special services were held at Norwich, Ely, and York. These were the concluding acts of a Conference of distinguished prelates which will live in history and will never be effaced from the memory of those who took part in it.

The Church of England

is a vast, venerable, historic organization, the centre of English religious life, standing with one hand on the ancient Roman and Greek churches, and with the other hand upon all the Protestant churches of the Reformation. Her scholars have given us the authorized version of our precious, peerless, Anglo-Saxon Bible, and the influence of her saintly prelates and divines through their writings and through their lives has penetrated our inmost souls. We revere the illustrious names of Hooker, Berkeley and Jeremy Taylor; our souls rise on the wings of devotion as we sing the words of the "Christian Year," or join in the ancient confessions and supplications of her sublime liturgy. As followers of John Wesley we can never forget that our glorious founder was a devoted minister of the Church of England. But our inmost souls are pained, our Protestant feelings outraged, to see the Romanizing tendencies of the Church of England. High Churchism has triumphed, and the whole nation is being seduced from the simplicity of the Gospel. If Romanism is the Papacy, High Churchism is the *ape-acy*. The Pope's letter denying the validity of Anglican orders is a deserved slap in the face for their own apostolic-succession pretensions; and though the Archbishops of Canterbury and York have published replies to it, yet the Romanists have the advantage. Church of England ministers are not sacrificing priests — they dare not claim that without outraging the religious sentiment of the nation; and until they profess to claim this monstrous and mysterious power, they have not, according to Roman Catholics, valid orders. Let us hope and pray that a mighty outpouring of the Spirit will bring a return of spiritual life and power, and make the Established Church the spiritual home, as it ought to be, of the people of the land.

The Sunday School.

THIRD QUARTER. LESSON XII.

Sunday, September 19.

Acts 20: 22-35.

Rev. W. O. Holway, D. D., U. S. N.

PAUL'S ADDRESS TO THE EPHESIAN ELDERS.

I. Preliminary.

1. **Golden Text:** *Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.* — Acts 20: 35.

2. **Date:** A. D. 58, Sunday, April 23.

3. **Place:** Miletus, the capital of Ionia, on the river Meander.

4. **Home Readings:** *Monday* — Acts 20: 17-27. *Tuesday* — Acts 20: 28-38. *Wednesday* — 1 Peter 5: 1-11. *Thursday* — 2 John. *Friday* — Col. 2: 1-9. *Saturday* — 2 Cor. 12: 10-19. *Sunday* — Rev. 7: 9-17.

II. Introductory.

On his way to Jerusalem Paul had reluctantly sailed past Ephesus, but "dragged at each remove a lengthening chain." He must hasten to Judea, but his heart lingered with the church which he had planted and fostered with such loving care. The ship was detained for a few days at Miletus. He dared not trust himself to make the backward journey, but he sent, instead, for the Ephesian elders to come to him — a summons which they doubtless joyfully obeyed. We are permitted to be present only at the closing hour of this interview, when, as his only comfort in this final farewell, the apostle could appeal to the whole-souled fidelity with which he had discharged his duty at Ephesus. There had been no neglect — no omission to rise up and torture him — now that he was compelled to say good-by possibly forever. Ye yourselves know, he said, my manner of life from first to last, how humbly I have served the Lord, with what tears, at what exposure to Jewish plot and malice. Ye know how *faithfully I* have preached the truth to you, keeping back nothing that was "profitable," but urging, alike in public and in private, both upon Jews and upon Gentiles, the necessity of "faith towards God and repentance towards our Lord Jesus Christ." And now, he continues — and here our lesson begins — I am on my way to Jerusalem, in obedience to an impulse which I cannot resist, ignorant of what fate may await me there; only I am assured, by a divine revelation, that, in every city through which I must pass, I must expect nothing but "bonds and afflictions." Not that I am disturbed by this prospect, for life itself is as nothing in comparison with my finishing my course and fulfilling the ministry committed to me by the Lord Jesus. I must bid you farewell, but in doing so I call you to witness that I have been a faithful watchman of souls, proclaiming "the whole counsel of God," and am, therefore, "pure from the blood of all men."

He then transferred to them the weighty responsibility of feeding "the church of God" — a church unspeakably precious because bought with a price — "purchased with His own blood." To superintend its interests they had been called by the Holy Spirit of God; much need, therefore, had they to "take heed" to themselves and the flock. It was no light charge that was laid upon them, for the apostle knew full well that the Judaists, like "grievous wolves," awaited only his departure before they entered in to ravage the fold; and that even within their peaceful communion peace-breakers would shortly arise, speaking "perverse things" and creating dissentions in their midst. They should not forget, therefore, the example of faithfulness which he had set — his unceasing labors by day and by night, his tearful warnings. "To God and the word of His grace" he commended them — that Gospel which had power to upbuild them and to make them sharers with the saints in the unfading inheritance. They must not forget the feeble and the helpless, remembering how he, their leader, had been free from covetousness and, though having a just claim for support, had yet voluntarily earned a livelihood for himself and his fellow-workers with his own hands — and we imagine the gesture with which, as he spoke, he lifted his toil-worn hands — and recalling the saying of their Lord, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The address ended here, and the knees of the speaker were bent in prayer; but of that heart-breaking supplication no record is preserved. Tears and loving embraces and kisses of affection and sorrow marked the parting scene — a scene whose passionate tenderness and pathos, though briefly recorded, no lapse of time seems able to exhaust or weaken.

III. Expository.

22, 23. I go bound in the spirit — following an inward constraint, which I cannot resist; "moved by an invincible purpose" (Gray); "an irresistible internal drawing of his higher personal life" (Meyer); "this is the very spirit of Luther on his way to Worms" (Farrar). **Not knowing the things that shall befall** — not knowing precisely the particular afflictions he would meet at Jerusalem, nor anxious about it. **The Holy Spirit witnesseth in every city** — R. V., "testifieth unto me in every city." His ardent purpose was not shaken by this assurance brought home to his heart by the Holy Spirit, or spoken to him by inspired men (as, for example, in chap. 21: 11). **Bonds and afflictions abide me.** — He was to expect these wherever he went, and he was seldom disappointed.

24. None of these things move me — omitted in R. V. **Neither count I my life dear unto myself** — in R. V., "but I hold not my life of any account, as dear unto myself." This resembles other noble sayings of this same apostle; *e. g.*, "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake" (2 Cor. 12: 10). **So that I might finish my course** — R. V., "so that I may accomplish my course." Bravely did he finish it, but not at Jerusalem — at Rome. **And the ministry . . . received . . . Lord Jesus.** — What this ministry or stewardship was which his Lord had committed to him, we are told in the next clause. **Testify the Gospel of the grace of God** — to bear testimony to or proclaim the glad tidings of God's mercy to man. Compared with finishing his testimony, life to him was of small account. "This spirit of intense devotion to Christ and forgetfulness of his own comfort has excited the admiration of the world for Paul. To live, for Paul, was Christ; to die was gain. This feeling of his heart finds magnificent expression in Phil. 3: 7-15" (Revision Commentary).

25. I know . . . shall see my face no more. — It is highly probable that Paul was mistaken in this assertion; that he did, subsequently to his imprisonment in Rome, revisit Ephesus (see 2 Tim. 4; Titus 1: 5). But whether he did so return or not, living as he was in the very shadow of death — a shadow which seemed to deepen with every step which he took towards Jerusalem — he certainly had ground for his conviction that he was speaking his last words to these Ephesian elders and gazing upon their faces for the last time.

Baumgarten's deep suggestion is that, owing to the prayers of Christians in Paul's behalf (like the prayer of Hezekiah in his own behalf), the divine order was changed, and the period of Paul's ministry on earth extended. And thus it was that Paul's "I know" was subjectively true at the time; and yet the Roman tribunal was so withheld from execution that a sacred appendix was added to his life (Whedon). Meyer regards the assumption of Paul's liberation from Rome and return to the sphere of his earlier labors as "unhistorical."

26, 27. I take you to record — R. V., "I testify to you." **I am pure from the blood of all men** — a solemn, deliberate affirmation of his own faithfulness, and consequent freedom from "blood-guiltiness." If, after his labors among them, any soul perished, it would be from no neglect of his. See Ezek. 3: 17-21. **I have not shunned to declare** — R. V., "I shrank not from declaring." **All the counsel of God** — R. V., "the whole counsel of God;" the whole plan of God in the redemption of the race through Christ Jesus. He had suppressed nothing, explained away nothing.

28. Take heed unto yourselves. — The emphasis is on "yourselves." Paul says, in effect: "I can do no more; on you henceforth the responsibility rests. Be watchful, therefore, first of all, over yourselves, that your private life be blameless, that your piety and good works be such as to manifest to all the sincerity of your profession." **To all the flock** — the frequent and beautiful pastoral metaphor by which the church is conceived of as a flock or sheep-fold, nourished and cared for by ministerial shepherds. *All* the flock were to be fed and watched — not merely the docile ones, but the wayward, and those inclined to stray into the wilderness. **Over which** — R. V., "In the which." **Holy Ghost hath made you overseers** (R. V., "bishops"). — Says Meyer: "This was designed to made them sensible of the whole sacredness and responsibility of their office. The Holy Spirit, ruling in the church, has Himself appointed the persons of the presbyters." **To feed the church of God** — to be not merely bishops, but also shepherds of the flock. The revisers, after careful deliberation, retained the reading "church of God" (though many able critics still prefer "church of the Lord"), thereby adding the weight of their decision towards the settlement of this long-disputed passage, which is held by many to be one of the strongest proof-texts for the divinity of our Lord. **Purchased with his own blood.** — So Ignatius and Clement speak in express terms of "the blood of God." We learn from this how precious the church is to "God our Saviour," and the atoning value of His blood.

29. I know this — from experience and observation, if not from inspiration. R. V. omits "this." **After my departing** — to Jerusalem. The "wolves" dared not molest the flock while so watchful a shepherd as Paul guarded it. **Grievous wolves shall enter in** — false, heretical teachers, especially the Judaists, who were now operating in Colosse and its neighborhood, and against whose pernicious influence St. Paul was constantly warning his converts in his epistles. **Not sparing the flock** — endeavoring to retain Mosaism in Christianity, thereby introducing divisions and drawing the young church away from "the simplicity" of the Gospel.

The sad words of Paul in the last Epistle of his life, some six years after these words were spoken, show how mournfully this prediction was verified: "This thou knowest, that all that are in Asia turned away from me" (2 Tim. 1: 15). Sowers of error and teachers of heresy were denominated by very strong figurative terms by the apostles and early Christian fathers. Paul on another occasion compares them to "dogs" (Phil. 3: 2); Ignatius likened them to poisonous plants; Theophilus to barren rocks on which ships are wrecked; Origen to false lights on dangerous cliffs, alluring mariners to destruction (Howson and Spence).

30. Also of your own selves. — Not only would foes enter from without, there would arise foes from within. **Speaking perverse things** — crooked, twisted, distracting things, opposed to the spirit of the Gospel and leading to dissensions.

Dr. Gloag says: "Mention is made of no fewer than six heresiarchs belonging to Ephesus — Hymeneus and Alexander (1 Tim. 1: 20), Phygellus and Hermogenes (2 Tim. 1: 15), Philetus (2 Tim. 2: 17), and Diotrephes (3 John 9)." Here were the Nicolaitans (Rev. 2: 6), and here Cerinthus rose against the apostle John (Whedon). The church at Ephesus, singularly enough, became notorious in after days as a seat of the great Gnostic heresy (Howson and Spence).

31. Therefore watch and remember — R. V., "wherefore watch ye, remembering." **By the space of three years.** — We have the record of three months of teaching in the synagogue, and of two years in the school of Tyrannus (19: 8-10); where he taught during the remaining nine months, we are not told. Possibly the "three years" are to be taken approximatively, or, as we say, "in round numbers." **Ceased not to warn** — R. V., "admonish." **Every one** — not overlooking any rank or condition. **Night and day** — continually. **With tears** — showing his deep solicitude.

32. Commend you to God — to His protection and blessing. **And to the word of his grace** — to His gracious word as contained in the Gospel, the promises of which are adequate for your guidance and comfort. **Able to build you up** — a frequent metaphor in the Epistles (Eph. 2: 20, 21, etc.). The Gospel has power to establish, promote and complete a Christian character, templelike in its beauty and sacredness. **Inheritance . . . sanctified** — make you joint heirs with all the saints in the blessings reserved for the children of God.

33, 34. Coveted no man's silver, gold, apparel. — He had been an example not only in faithfulness, but in disinterestedness. "I seek not yours, but you." "Apparel" in the East, by reason of its changes and intrinsic value, is reckoned with "silver" and "gold" among one's possessions. **These hands have ministered unto my necessities, etc.** — While claiming to the full the right of those who minister the Gospel to live by the Gospel, that is, to be supported in their ministry, Paul's habit had been to waive this right in his own case, and to earn his livelihood by the practice of his trade as a tent-maker.

35. I have showed you all things — R. V., "in all things I gave you an example." His life had interpreted and enforced his teaching. **Ye ought to help the weak.** — Meyer understands by this the weak in faith, who would be strengthened by the spectacle of such disinterestedness; but most commentators explain the word as referring to the poor and needy. **Remember the words of the Lord Jesus.** — They were familiar with the saying, though not recorded in the Gospel. **It is more blessed** — a higher privilege, a deeper joy. **To give than to receive** — a saying, the truth of which is verified by experience, but the full value of which "will never be grasped by any but the redeemed, and not by them till they enter the city of the Lamb."

IV. Inferential.

1. Heroic types of piety which no future can dismay, are needed as much in this century as in the first.

2. If we would feel at life's end that we have finished our course, we must take care to finish each part as we go along.

3. The Gospel is many-sided, and no side can be spared if we would declare "the whole counsel of God."

4. The minister's chief duty is to "feed the flock" — to nourish blood-bought and therefore precious souls by preaching truths adapted to their varying needs.

5. The church is constantly exposed to foes from without and foes from within. Error and unbelief, like "hungry wolves," are ready to enter in; while almost every communion contains "perverse" speakers, who easily take sides, excite heart-burnings and do incalculable mischief.

6. The faithful minister seeks individuals — every individual — utters his warnings by day and by night, and is solicitous even to tears.

7. Ministerial disinterestedness is a shining grace.

A Timely Reminder.

Each season forces upon our consideration its own peculiar perils to health. The advent of fall finds many reduced in strength and vigor, poorly prepared to continue the business of life. The stomach and bowels are especially liable to disorder in the fall. The nervous system has also suffered in the struggle. Typhoid fever and malaria in particular find in the fall that combination of earth, air and water that mark this season as especially dangerous. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the safeguard at all these important points.

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WHY STUDY IN GERMANY?

Prof. Nicholas Knight, Ph. D.

THIS question one hears from the lips of many Americans who believe that our schools and colleges are amply sufficient for all purposes of education. These people are mainly correct. To fit a person for the important duties of citizenship, to make him an intelligent, useful and influential member of society, to lay a broad foundation, to inspire high ideals and noble purposes, the privileges enjoyed by the American at home are not surpassed.

There seems, however, to be a class for which our schools do not provide or have not until comparatively recently made provision. This is emphatically an age of specialists. He who reaps the richest rewards in scholarship limits himself to a narrow field. This need not be at the expense of breadth of learning as sometimes happens, but it is a fundamental requirement for depth.

At the present time specialization has reached its highest development in Germany, where there are doubtless more specialists than in all the rest of the world combined. Some one has estimated that four hundred years would be necessary to complete all the courses at Berlin University. Several causes have produced such a condition. The universities are governmental institutions, and the government, though quite poor, is a bountiful provider. The policy which has made the German University system so effective is to spare no expense or trouble to secure the best possible faculty, and to be equally generous in the matter of buildings, libraries, museums and laboratories. To the equipment of all these the whole world pays tribute. Not, what is the least amount that can be expended, but how can the best of everything be secured, is the wise and beneficent policy.

The professor is well paid, and receives every possible aid and encouragement for research work. His labors as *teacher* are not exacting. His chief work is to investigate and discover; to cause ideas to spring up where none existed before; to make contributions to knowledge. He has numerous trained assistants at his disposal, who perform all ordinary work, and only labor requiring the highest skill is expected of him. A simple incident may serve as an illustration: The writer attended for a year a course of lectures. Every morning, just before the advent of the professor, a servant would enter and fill a glass with water from a faucet in the room. This was placed on the professor's desk for use, if necessary, during the lecture. Only once in that year did the professor drink from the glass, but it was always ready in case of need.

The German professor has enjoyed a long period of exceptional training for his great work. Upon receiving his degree he not infrequently spends several years as assistant to the professor. His salary during this time is meagre — fifteen to twenty-five dollars a month — but his duties as assistant do not make serious inroads upon his time, and under the master's eye he has good facilities for self-improvement. He afterwards moves upward to the rank of *Privat-docent*. In this relation his duties are often less than as assistant, and his salary is either nothing at all or almost nothing. Thus long years pass. This testing time or probationary period drives the weaker from the field and only the "fittest survive." After a further apprenticeship as extraordinary professor, the call to a professor's chair at last comes, and the new incumbent has demonstrated his fitness for the position by a series of valuable investigations.

The friends of the German system proudly point to its results. It has produced the highest scholarship of modern times. It has given Germany a Roentgen, of whose marvelous work every one is reading; a Bunsen, a Kirchoff, and a Fraunhofer, whose discoveries with the spectroscope during the present generation have lifted the vail and revealed a new world for thought and investigation. It has given England Roscoe, her most famous chemist; Tyndall, equally renowned as a physicist; Faraday, of whose brilliant work all the world knows. It has assisted in the development of a Remsen and a Gildersleeve for Johns Hopkins, a Whitney and a Dana for Yale. These names by no means exhaust the list; they are only bright stars in a brilliant galaxy.

In America we shall have specialists and investigators in greater numbers than at present when we require of our professors less teaching and fewer police magistrate duties; when we distinguish more fully between *professor* and *school-master*; when our higher institutions have better material equipment; when the feverishness of life abates and our candidates for professorial honors are willing to toil patiently for many years at exhausting labor without a salary. Who can say that these conditions are soon to be realized?

Randolph Macon College, Ashland, Va.

A VACATION IN NORTH LUBEC.

Rev. J. D. Pickles, Ph. D.

A WORD from "way down east" may perhaps interest your many readers. Here we are on the borders of good Queen Vic's territory at North Lubec, and have already made a friendly foray into Her Majesty's Canadian dominion. We are at the Ne-mat-ta-no — which means, "We be brethren," and most fitly expresses the social and brotherly atmosphere of this quiet, homelike hostelry. We are literally "set on a hill," commanding one of the finest landscapes and waterscapes I have ever seen. It is a complete surprise to us, and we wonder that every headland and cove are not crowded with cottages and hotels.

Just in front is one of the long arms of Passamaquoddy Bay, beyond which is the island on which Eastport is built. To the right, but in full view, is the beautiful island of Campobello. Yonder is Lubec, one of the most sightly towns in Maine, while within excursion distance for a day's outing are St. Andrews, Calais, St. Stephen, and innumerable smaller places abounding in picturesque situations and charmingly attractive to summer visitors.

Ample facilities are furnished for boating, fishing and yachting. The family of Hon. O. H. Durrell, with his yacht, "Phroso," is here, and almost daily with gracious hospitality a merry company sails away, sometimes on waters calm and other times when white-caps dash their spray over the quarter, making timid ones more timid, but affording the seasoned sailors rare delight and sea-foam intoxication.

A three hours' sail straight out to sea takes one to Grand Manan, whose bold cliffs seem to say, "I await an interview, and can furnish attractions equal to the best." Gen. A. W. Greely, late of the U. S. Signal Service, while giving the palm to San Diego, Cal., as a summer resort, says in *Scribner's*: "The second favored spot as to summer weather is the extreme northeastern point of the United States — Eastport." We are but two miles from Eastport. Hay fever, malaria and mosquitoes are unknown. Rev. Messrs. Leonard, Newhall, Littlefield, Tilton, and Spaulding, with their families, have sojourned here and are enthusiastic in their praises. The ozonic air for which Maine is noted has full sweep from hill and sea and speedily tones up the wearied body and brain. Our hotel cry is,—

"On deck! On deck! Lubec on the neck!
Ra-ra-ra-rah! Ra-ra-ra-rah! Ne-mat-ta-no!

Hon. A. S. Roe, of Worcester, spent Sunday, Aug. 15, with us, and served as clergyman *de facto* during the day, reading a chapter from "Ian Maclaren" in the morning and giving a stirring address on "Patriotism" in the evening. Aug. 22 Rev. Charles Tilton preached an excellent and most helpful sermon on Zacharias and Elizabeth, ideal types of character. The daily family prayers of the household are seasons of real refreshing. This morning Mr. J. Hubert Grover, of Lynn, recently married to Miss Maude Durrell, of Cambridge, led us in a most tender and uplifting prayer, and we find from these morning devotions a betterment of the whole day.

Monday, the 23d, gave us a most remarkable sunset. I have seen many sunsets in many lands, but this was unquestionably the finest. Not only the western, but far away both northern and southern skies were aglow with variegated colors, from the faint crimson shading off into a beautiful cerulean blue on one side to a burning flame so brilliant that Turner himself would not have dared to dash such colors on canvas. It was a conflagration of glory. The companion piece was a sunrise I once witnessed in Fall River, when the golden pavements of the celestial city melted and poured out beneath the gates and fell to the earth in a broad band of gold dropping in seven distinct falls. Never can these two sky-wonders be effaced from memory.

We paid a hasty visit to the beautiful village of St. Andrews, N. B., the birthplace of the writer, and though his recollections of it are somewhat hazy (he having removed from it when only a year old), he was gratified to find it so delightfully situated and full of attractions to summer visitors.

TREATMENT OF THE NEGRO IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

[The writer is the distinguished young Negro poet who has recently returned from a visit to England.]

AMERICA is so unmistakably a great country, and her citizens are so inordinately proud of her, that it is hard for any American, white or black, to admit the existence of many national faults that are perfectly patent to the critical foreigner. But after living abroad for even a short time, the unbiassed white American is disillusioned, while the black is bewildered. With the former the disillusion goes on to the evolving of new opinions and the assumption of a new view-point. With the latter, bewilderment gradually subsides; he falls into new habits and also changes his view-point. Then, more than likely, he comes home. The atmosphere begins immediately to restore him, and he "sits" on his new point of view.

Some time ago, while in England, I was struck by the rather bumptious indulgence of the colored man abroad in the pleasures and privileges which are here denied. Perhaps I was a little bit disgusted by it. Assuredly, it was to be wished that there might be more restraint in his attitude. But, coming home, I forgave my dark brothers everything. I had vaguely seen the cause before, now I fully perceived it.

The awakening came in the following manner. Some one observed that he was glad the Negroes had at last found a seaside resort where they could go into the surf without restriction. On asking what the speaker meant, I was informed that at most of the resorts a special swimming place is reserved for colored people. It seemed strange at first. You see, six months of English life had altered my way of seeing things. I had to put on American glasses and entirely change my position before objects became clearly discernible. Then the fact grew funny; it seemed so absurd that men should put a padlock on God's great sea to bar out their fellows. It was strange, amusing, pitiful, all in one.

The Vassar Case.

Without being allowed to recover from this shock, I was at once subjected to another. Enormous papers of the metropolis, exponents of the opinions of a cosmopolitan city, came out with glaring headlines above sensational columns! And all because a colored young woman, too fair to be recognized as one with African blood, had graduated from Vassar! Well, what of it? What a theme for dragging a refined woman into unpleasant notoriety! Had she hurt Vassar or her schoolmates? Did her dark blood have any virus in it which could inoculate those who came into contact with her? Would anybody but an American teeming with narrowness and prejudice have thought twice about the matter? Would a Frenchman, an Englishman or a German have said, as has been said in this case, that "she was graciously permitted as a favor to take equal rank with the members of her class?" Graciously permitted to do what was her right! Graciously fiddlesticks! Any other action would have been outrage. "The president himself advised that at so late a day no official action be taken to prevent the girl from graduating with her classmates." Official action! What for? One would think that some crime had been committed. It is too disgraceful. It seems that common decency would have prevented the exposition of such blind narrowness. What an evidence of breadth it is in a great institution of learning to even think of taking "official action" because a pupil who had filled all the requirements of the school, who had been universally respected and loved, was found to have mixed blood. It is utterly childish. The dismay of Vassar and the horror of a portion of the press is like that of the little boy who planted poppy seed in his garden, and one day found a kitten lying in the flower bed. He flew to his mother in great excitement and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, them wasn't poppy seed you gimme, look what they growed!" The college and the papers referred to are quite as astonished at what they have "growed."

Can you blame a black man who has just left such different surroundings for feeling hurt and cramped by such evidences of restraint? Can you blame many Negroes who go abroad for blossoming out too luxuriously in so much more kindly an atmosphere? These examples are but two, but they serve to indicate a condition.

Looking back at the very recent past, and considering effects as they must follow causes, one might almost forgive Americans certain phases of their prejudice if they were only honest and consistent with it. But they are not. They will say that a colored person is by nature inferior, and yet will live and associate with him most intimately for four years without discovering that inherent inferiority until his racial identity is disclosed. They will ignore him in America and embrace him in England. They will withdraw themselves from him in an American church service and gush over him at a London "at home." I do not speak from conjecture, but from what is actual fact. I do not know that it is quite in good taste to bring one's own experiences into the discussion of such a matter, but the case which I have in mind so illustrates my point that I am disposed to risk censure.

A Personal Experience.

It was at a pleasant gathering one afternoon shortly before my departure from England. It was at the house of a really broad American, and a great many people from this side were present. But I was spending most of my time with English friends. The feeling of restraint at the difference in race was not upon me as it always is here, so I was taking rather a brisk part in all that went on. From the first most of the Americans held aloof; but when they became aware that it would not hurt them to notice me, they grew gracious and more — all save one woman, who kept disdainfully away, though I saw that I was the object of her stealthy scrutiny.

One of the closest friends I had in the party was a man who is accounted one of the cleverest of the younger English novelists. We had got into a delightful chat, and so went to the tea-room to have it out. I had forgotten that he was a friend also of the disdainful woman; but it was soon called to my mind. She came down to the tea-room, was introduced, and began to be nice.

"I am very fond of colored people," she began, "and my mother was before me. You know my mother owned slaves, and when the war was over the darkies didn't want to leave us at all. In fact, two old darkies did stay with us, and we took care of them." And so she rattled on, giving me vast bits of her personal history and individual feeling for my race.

My friend's face was livid; I am afraid, too, that it was with suppressed amusement, because he had been twitting me unmercifully on the American woman's tendency to biographical monologue. The point that I would make turns not upon the inappropriateness of this woman's remarks, but upon the insincerity, the wanting to be with the crowd, that prompted them. I confess that while I like American entertainer who, seeing my name at the head of a popular bureau's list of readers, said: "Well, if you put a nigger's name first you can take mine off." He, at least, had the courage of his convictions.

Of none of these things, however, would I have written, but that everything I see about me of the relations between blacks and whites compels me to contrast my differing experiences of a few months ago. It is good to feel one's self fully a man for awhile, but it makes the subsequent rebuffs harder to bear.

After the courtesy of the English attendant, it is rather unpleasant to be thrown where the humblest office boy feels it his right to be insolent, or at least brusque, and indifferent to a dark caller. Out of certain phases of this matter, though, one can get a deal of amusement. The Negro is compelled to complain abroad that things are not so convenient as in America, for so seldom is he crowded here. He gets into a railway train and finds a seat. The coach fills, perhaps to overflowing, but he is very apt to have his seat all to himself, with plenty of room. On the contrary, if he were abroad, some foolish Briton or Continental would have no better sense than to come and flop right down beside him.

But aside from the jocular aspect of these things, is it too much to ask the American to handle these questions sanely and without littleness? Is it either sane or broad to regard with horror the graduation of a respectable girl from a respectable school, because the tint of darker blood in her veins was not Indian, but Negro? Youth is impulsive and hard-headed, I know, but isn't America about old enough now to be rational? — *New York Tribune.*

Dr. S. A. Steel, secretary of the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is quoted by the press of our sister denominations as saying that he met only one pastor in California who did not give him the impression that "Southern Methodism" is weaker now than a decade ago, "and the one would not deny it, only doubted the propriety of saying anything about it."

The Conferences.

New England Conference.

[Rev. A. H. Herrick, of Wakefield, has charge of the Church News column for North, East and South Districts (with the exception of Worcester and vicinity). Ministers are requested to send items to him, or hand them to him early Monday morning.]

South District.

City Point. — This church has just completed the erection of two stores on the corner of L and Emerson Streets. These are already rented, and will yield an annual income of $550. The improvements on the church property, which will cost $10,000, are being hastened to completion. For a month the pastor, Rev. W. A. Thurston, has preached in the Fourth St. Baptist Church, under an arrangement whereby his own congregation and that of this Baptist Church have united, the Baptist pastor being ill. The acceptability of Mr. Thurston's ministrations is evidenced by the fact that he has been requested to continue the arrangement for another month.

Westboro. — This church has been making some changes which will, no doubt, prove of great benefit to the work of Methodism in Westboro. The parsonage has been sold for $5,000, and the trustees have bought of the Advent society their chapel and lot on Church St., and of Mrs. L. P. Day her house, which is in the rear of the Advent lot facing Trowbridge Way, at a cost of $4,200 for the whole. The house, which will be immediately occupied as a parsonage, has only been built seven years, and has furnace, hot water, bath-room, etc. The location of the present church on Milk St. has always been a detriment to the work of the church. That property is now advertised for sale, and as soon as it can be disposed of, steps will be taken to build a new church on the Advent lot. This is one of the finest locations in town, on one of the best streets, the main thoroughfare to Northboro, only about three hundred feet from Main St., on the corner of a narrow Way leading back to West St. When the new church is built, this with the parsonage which is already in the lot will make a fine piece of church property. The work of the church is progressing on all lines. The congregations have kept up fairly well during the summer months. The class-meetings are well attended, and there is a good spiritual interest. There are twelve now on probation, eight of the number having been recently converted. The pastor, Rev. Putnam Webber, has just returned from his four weeks' vacation, which he spent at Lakeview with his family.

North District.

Central Church, Lowell. — The work of this church has gone forward with its usual vim during the summer months. There has been but little decrease in the congregations, especially at the social meetings. The pastor, Rev. C. M. Hall, was away during July, spending most of the time with his family at Sterling Junction. [illegible] was supplied during the pastor's absence. Paradis, Locke and [illegible] the church, gust death has been busy, two of the members having been called home — Mrs. Elize J. Bell, a saintly sister who for many weary months has been an example of Christian patience under extreme suffering; and Mr. Geo. T. Whitney, one of the charter members of Central and a Christian of over sixty years. An excellent spiritual interest is manifest at present. Three adults presented themselves at the altar Sunday evening, Aug. 29, and gave evidence of coming into the light.

East District.

Lafayette St., Salem. — The trustees of the Lafayette St. Church have just bought the Seaver estate opposite the State Normal School for a parsonage. It is a delightful and convenient location. The house has fifteen rooms, and there are nearly 20,000 square feet of land worth thirty cents a foot. The society purposes building a church on the site within a few years, and then the parsonage will be moved back of the church for a parish house. It is in a growing community where property is rising in value, and being one mile from the present church, which is the only Protestant church in South Salem with 11,000 population, offers a splendid opportunity for the formation of another society. The cost of the house and land was about $7,000, and the pastor, Rev. Dillon Bronson, and wife expect to move in next month.

Everett. — Rev. W. H. Meredith and his eldest son, on arriving at Boston in the "Canada," on Thursday last, were greeted by a representation of his officiary, and notified of a reception to be given to the voyagers in the church that evening. It was in every respect a right hearty "welcome home." The vestries were decorated with draperies and flowers. The church quartet furnished choice selections. The assistant pastor, Rev. W. T. Dumm, gave the address of welcome, to which the pastor responded. Short addresses were made by Rev. G. Titus, of the First Baptist Church, Rev. Geo. H. Clarke, of Malden, and an especially bright and cheering speech by Rev. Arthur B. Patten, of the First Congregational Church. The large vestry was filled with those who had gathered to welcome their pastor back to the work, an abundance of which awaits both him and them. Refreshments were served at this joyful reunion after nearly two months of absence. F. C. Danforth, chairman of the finance committee, was master of ceremonies, and acquitted himself right well. The voyagers speak in loudest praise of the good ship "Canada."

Melrose. — No particulars are at hand, but rumor has it that a new church edifice is among the probabilities in the not remote future. At any rate, the present building is thronged, and the ministrations of the pastor, Rev. Dr. J. M. Leonard, are much enjoyed by the people of Melrose — which speaks well for their good sense.

Newburyport, Washington St. — This church is happy in the services of a pastor — Rev. J. H. Stubbs — who is true to the old truths of the Gospel, keen to see what needs to be done, and tireless in pursuit of the desired end. His excellent record in his last charge, where he had a five years' pastorate, is an earnest of success in his present field.

Winthrop. — The adage says, "Happy is the nation without a history." This we suppose to signify that the nation enjoying peace is less in the minds and on the tongues of men than the one scourged with war. Winthrop Church is at peace within itself, yet making war upon the devil. If we wait for the pastor, Rev. C. W. Blackett, to sound a trumpet before him, we shall wait long; but it is right to say that he is happy in serving a church strong and influential, comprising in its membership some of the leading men of the community prominent in the conduct of affairs in the town. The various departments of church work are well looked after.

Ipswich. — The report in this column, some weeks since, of the illness of the pastor, Rev. G. F. Durgin, was somewhat exaggerated, though it was inserted on supposedly good authority. Mr. Durgin was somewhat worn from overwork, but the vacation's rest has greatly refreshed him, and he enters hopefully upon the fall's work. His people pronounce him an indefatigable worker.

Wakefield. — The pastor, Rev. A. H. Herrick, returned three weeks ago from his vacation, which he spent in tenting, with his family, on Lake Winnepesaukee. At the second quarterly conference the presiding elder preached a sermon which was highly appreciated by the people. There is among the workers of the church an earnest desire for spiritual refreshing; and genuine desire of this sort usually secures what it longs for. H.

Sterling Camp-Meeting. — Something of the old-time enthusiasm characterized camp-meeting week at Sterling. Monday, Aug. 23, was devoted to the Epworth League, and large delegations of young people came from each district. The Lowell headquarters were established in their new and commodious building erected the present summer, while the Sterling Assembly entertained at League Hall. Colors, banners and floral decorations proved an attractive foreground to the large Assembly chorus in charge of J. H. Heminway, of Saxonville, chorister, who was assisted by Oliver Arnold, Jr., of Leicester, organist. At 10.30 A. M. Dr. Eaton addressed this "body of youth called upon to meet the most impressive responsibilities and growing opportunities ever presented, and who are already [illegible] a great and vital service." Rev. Rev. C. A. Crane, D. D., of Boston North District. quently upon the heroism of self-sacrifice. The love-feast service in the afternoon was enjoyed by a large number, and was followed by an inspiring address from Rev. W. T. Perrin. Nine department conferences were then held, affording opportunities for general discussion. The first speaker of the evening was Dr. N. T. Whitaker, of Fitchburg, who graphically described the marvelous growth of Christianity. Dr. Eaton continued the subject and said that "the time is coming when all the masses shall not only hear the Gospel, but shall adopt the principles of a Christian civilization." A consecration service of unusual power was conducted by Rev. W. T. Perrin.

Tuesday proved to be a very rainy day, but large numbers attended the various meetings. Rev. W. S. Jagger, of Granitville, preached the morning sermon from 2 Cor. 7: 5. In the afternoon Rev. Alexander Dight, of Webster, spoke from John 16: 33. The evening sermon was by Rev. A. M. Osgood, of Clinton, from John 16: 8-11.

Wednesday dawned bright and fair and brought large numbers from Worcester and elsewhere. Rev. C. H. Hanaford, of East Pepperell, preached in the morning from Col. 4: 12. At 1 o'clock Mrs. F. V. Russell, of South Carolina, represented the cause of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. Rev. W. J. Thompson, of Worcester, spoke at the next service from Heb. 2: 3. The dedication of the handsome Lowell Chapel took place at 4 o'clock, the exercises being in charge of J. Clark Glidden, who said the building had been erected through the instrumentality of the Lowell League Union. Addresses followed by Rev. Messrs. Stratton, Mudge, and Hall, and Dr. Eaton formally dedicated the building. The evening sermon was delivered by Presiding Elder Mansfield.

Thursday brought the largest congregations old Sterling has seen for many a year. Dr. N. T. Whitaker preached in the forenoon, taking his text from Job 7: 17. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society held a meeting at 1 o'clock in charge of Mrs. Lucie F. Harrison, of Worcester, with an address by Dr. W. F. Oldham, of Singapore, India. The afternoon sermon was preached by Dr. S. F. Upham, who spoke with great power of our Lord's transfiguration and second coming. Dr. Oldham preached at the evening service, showing how Jesus atones for sin and plants in man the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost.

On Friday a love-feast service at 8 o'clock was in charge of Rev. John Peterson, of Saxonville, and reported 174 testimonies. Rev. Nels Eagle, of Worcester, preached the morning sermon. The afternoon sermon, by Dr. James Mudge, of Lowell, was based upon Rom. 12: 2. The last sermon of the camp-meeting was delivered by Rev. G. W. Mansfield, of Worcester, upon "Purity of Heart."

The Swedish Methodists continued the services on Saturday and Sunday.

The Sterling Camp-meeting for 1897 was one of the most successful, so far as attendance is concerned, for many years. Old Sterling still retains its popularity, notwithstanding the many gatherings throughout New England. New life has characterized the business interests of the Association under the wise leadership of President A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, while the spiritual interests were ably administered by Presiding Elder Eaton.

A. M. OSGOOD.

West District.

Laurel Park Camp-meeting. — The attendance at the opening of the meeting, Aug. 23, and throughout the first day was small because of the unfavorable weather, but from Wednesday on there was a constant increase in attendance and interest, and the meeting closed in the midst of old-time camp-meeting fervor. For the first day — Epworth League Day — an enjoyable and profitable program had been prepared. Rev. Jerome Wood, of Greenfield, was in charge, and the speakers were Revs. A. C. Skinner of Amherst, J. F. Allen of Leominster, and R. E. Smith of Bondsville. During the remainder of the meeting the preachers in their order were: Revs. E. E. Abercrombie, W. T. Hale, H. G. Alley, W. G. Richardson, W. J. Heath, N. B. Fisk, E. P. Herrick, Jerome Wood, W. F. Oldham, J. Sutherland, W. C. Townsend, C. A. Shatto, Joseph H. Mansfield, H. L. Wriston, E. H. Thrasher. These, with few exceptions, were preachers from the district, and all gave earnest, able, effective sermons.

On Thursday the work of the Woman's Home Missionary Society was well presented by Mrs. A. W. Baird, of West Springfield, and on Friday Rev. W. F. Oldham spoke in the interests of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. This arrangement seems much better for speakers, bearers and for the work, than to bring both of these causes before the people in one service, on one day. Children's meetings were held each day in charge of able leaders, and early morning and evening services, which were deeply spiritual. Presiding Elder Knowles, in charge of the meeting, gave inspiration to all the services, and brought to a successful close a week of meetings distinguished for fervor and spiritual power.

Warren. — Mrs. John Martin, who died on Aug. 25, was one of the oldest members of the church, and one of its most regular and interested attendants until failing health confined her to her home. She leaves, beside her husband, five children, one of the three sons being Rev. T. C. Martin of the New England Conference. R.

Maine Conference.

Portland District.

Revival Meetings. — The pastors at Eliot, South Eliot, and Kittery have begun a series of union revival services to last during September. They have issued a neat hand-bill announcing their meetings. They confidently expect a spiritual awakening that must result in the conversion of many souls.

Eliot. — The pastor, Rev. F. C. Potter, reports that his social meetings are well sustained, and that the new converts are faithful. He has delivered a lecture before his Epworth League upon the Toronto Convention, and is willing to favor other chapters after October 1. Write to him.

Bowery Beach. — This church was favored recently with a lecture on China by Rev. Dr. Junior, of the Duten Reformed Church of New York. The missionary zeal of pastor and people was quickened.

Maryland Ridge. — Rev. D. Nelson is rejoicing over some signs of coming blessings in the recent conversion of two souls. Four valuable workers have been received by letter. The finances were never in better condition. A Sunday-school picnic, the first for fifteen years, was recently held in a grove near the parsonage. E. O. T.

Augusta District.

Richmond Camp-meeting. — An unusually successful meeting, continuing ten days on the Richmond camp-ground, closed Monday morning, Aug. 23, with a baptismal service at the river side, when six persons received the rite by immersion. The attendance throughout the meeting was larger than usual, there being three thousand on the grounds the last day of the meeting. On that day Rev. William McDonald, D. D., of Boston, Rev. Byron T. Reese, of Providence, R. I., and Rev. I. J. Johnson, preached. The love-feast in the morning was conducted in primitive style and large numbers bore testimony.

Dr. McDonald preached three times. Rev. G. W. Wilson, of Iowa, preached four times. Rev. J. S. Norvell and his gifted wife, of California, each preached and conducted several times. Rev. Byron J. Reese, the Quaker, preached twice, as did Rev. J. H. Irvine, of Clinton, Me. Sermons were also preached by Revs. F. C. Rogers, C. C. Phelan, A. A. Lewis, G. D. Holmes, M. E. King, J. H. Clifford, N. H. Washburn of Bath, and O. S. Pillsbury. Others who assisted in the services were: Revs. W. S. Jones, A. W. Pottle, A. H. Hanscom, J. S. Price, H. Hewitt, F. W. Norcross, L. H. Bean. On the whole the preaching was of high order. The singing, led by Mrs. Abby Lawrence, was inspiring, and the altar services were seasons of interest and power. Sinners came seeking salvation, wanderers returned to their former vows and believers entered into a richer experience.

The financial results of the meeting were very satisfactory. A movement was also started by Rev. I. T. Johnson to erect a new wooden tabernacle and $450 was readily pledged for the purpose. The grounds and camp property have been improved. The cottages were all occupied, and the lodging halls and boarding-house were filled. Dr. McDonald has purchased a fine cottage on Wesley Avenue. Rev. A. W. Pottle has purchased the "Small Cottage" on Baker Avenue. Rev. I. T. Johnson has presided over this meeting the past three years with general acceptance, and is invited to conduct the services next year.

Lewiston District.

Auburn. — A large audience welcomed the return of Rev. E. S. Stackpole, D. D., Sunday morning, Aug. 29. Beautiful flowers decorated pulpit and chancel. The male quartet rendered several choice selections. Dr. Stackpole discoursed upon the transfiguration of Christ, setting forth Christ in the believer as supreme authority in matters of faith and practice. Dr. Stackpole has enjoyed a delightful and interesting tour through England, Wales and Ireland.

Rumford Falls. — The seating capacity of our church was put to full test Sunday morning, Aug. 29, upon the occasion of the second quarterly meeting. The presiding elder discoursed from Luke 15: 17-19, upon "Personal Responsibility." At the quarterly conference on Monday it was shown that nearly $300 had been raised and expended in painting the church and grading the lawn in front of the church; that the salary of the pastor was paid to date, that of the presiding elder to the end of the Conference year, and that a balance of $30 remained in the treasury. A good financial exhibit, surely.

Rumford Centre. — Rev. J. L. Hoyle, pastor at Rumford Falls, served as proxy presiding elder here, Aug. 29, to the great enjoyment of the people. Mrs. Congdon, the pastor's wife, is greatly afflicted in continued ill health.

The Missionary Debt. — We trust every charge in Lewiston District will make prompt and generous response to the appeal of our Missionary Secretaries. An extra twenty cents per member, promptly contributed, will cancel the debt. Good times are returning; let us proffer a thank-offering unto the Lord, and thus make glad the hearts of our secretaries and strengthen the hands of our missionaries. JUNIOR.

East Maine Conference.

Rockland District.

Sheepscot. — Two have been baptized and received to membership.

South Newcastle. — A pulpit suite has been presented by A. R. Hooper, of East Boston.

West Alna. — For Sunday-school books $21 have been expended. W. W. O.

Northport Camp-meeting. — The annual camp-meeting at Northport opened on Tuesday, Aug. 24, at the close of a week devoted to an instructive series of lectures and concerts. It was from the commencement a season of unusual interest and profit. Under the supervision of Rev. J. M. Frost, of Union St. Church, Bangor, who had made his plans with much deliberation, the whole moved harmoniously. Among preachers present were Rev. Messrs. Beale, L. Marsh, Russell, Towle, White, Winslow, Pearson, Wilson, Burrill, Kearney, Dunnack, Springer, Lockhart, Boynton, Hills, Thibedeau, Lowell, Kerr, Fernald, Jones, Simonton, Dolloff and Ogier. Special life and force were imparted to the services by Evangelist I. T. Johnson, who, with his corps of musical assistants, took charge of Bible readings and altar work. Mr. Johnson salted his discourse with plentiful humor and incident, and his face, usually radiant, was expressive of every sentiment and emotion he uttered. Mrs. Johnson, the evangelist's wife, who presided at the organ, and Mrs. Abbie J. Lawrence, a soloist, whose songs were of thrilling power at times, led the music, and were assisted by the ministers and the congregation. The sermons and addresses dwelt on the highest themes, such as heart purity and perfect love, and were distinguished for their pungency. Large throngs poured into the auditorium, and unusual seriousness and attention were manifested. Altar-services, held at the close of each preaching service, had many seekers who rejoiced in a new-found Saviour or in the blessing of full salvation. The preachers and their texts were as follows: Tuesday P. M., F. W. Towle, Job 1: 10; eve, W. Pearson, Matt. 5: 8. Wednesday A. M., C. E. Springer, Acts 1: 6, 7, 8; P. M., Norman La Marsh, Psa. 119: 18; eve, T. F. Jones, 1 John 1: 2. Thursday A. M., E. H. Boynton, Phil. 3: 13, 14; P. M., W. W. Ogier, John 14: 6; eve, V. P. Hills, John 10: 10. Friday A. M., Evangelist Johnson, Luke 19: 10; P. M., F. E. White, Acts 16: 32; eve, I. T. Johnson, Acts 16: 32. During the first day two hundred are reported as having responded to the invitation to take advance stage in the Christian life. The sunrise prayer-meetings at 6 o'clock were marked above last year for interest and attendance. Children crowded to the services set for their benefit at 1 P. M. each day, led by Mrs. A. R. Craig. Many of the little ones were im-

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High-Roll Top Desk, 50 inches tall, 32 inches deep, made entirely of quartered oak with fine rubbed-down finish. Double reinforced top; full panelled sides and back; heavy rounded corners and base. Made adjustable to go through narrow doors.

INTERIOR EQUIPMENT: 2 drawers, 2 shelves, 12 pigeon holes, 6 filing racks, 2 wide compartments, 2 filing cases, 2 concealed drawers, 2 pencil racks, 3 paper filing racks. Full overhang. Ten square feet of writing top.

OUTSIDE EQUIPMENT: Partitioned and compartment drawers with combination automatic locks (thin key), drawer slide, deep book drawer, steel-bearing casters, etc.

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42 inches long, single bank of drawers, as above: $18

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pressed, and some were won for the Master. The Bible readings were free, lively and informal, abounding in suggestion and instruction. Chapel services were held at 6 P. M., and were usually hours of deep devotion. At 9 o'clock each morning Mr. Frost called the preachers into council at the Bangor chapel, and arranged for the work of the day. At the love-feast on Friday morning, led by Rev. S. H. Beale, over one hundred testimonies were given.

At the annual meeting of the Association the following board of directors was elected: President, Hon. T. H. Wentworth; secretary, Rev. T. F. Jones; trustees, T. H. Wentworth, H. B. Dunbar, C. F. Ginn, J. R. Mears, M. C. Hill, J. M. Frost, Geo. M. Warren. The report of the treasurer and his address showed the need of more effective measures for the support of the camp-meeting at Northport, and after earnest and prolonged discussion it was determined to hold the session next year over the Sabbath, as four days afford inadequate time for the most effective work and the fullest result.

With the exception of Tuesday evening, when a storm of wind and rain thinned the audience, the weather was almost perfect, and the glory of the sun and the soft blue sky added to the charm of this beautiful shore. Hearty and earnest singing characterized nearly every service, and a spirit of fraternity and of warm enthusiasm continued to the latest hour. Mr. Frost writes: "We had a wonderful time in closing." Rev. Norman LaMarsh contributed his happy quota to the singing. It is reported that several hundred persons gave evidence of having been converted, or deeply impressed, during these services. P. F.

N. E. Southern Conference.

Providence District.

Hope Valley. — The walls and ceiling of the church have been much improved, better accommodation provided for the choir, and some increase made in the seating capacity of the audience-room. The spirit that looks up and lifts up is among the people, and Rev. C. H. Bromley, the pastor, has one of the pleasantest homes of his life. The people count him excellent in all his work, "the right man in the right place."

Portsmouth. — The daily papers report the robbery of Rev. J. N. Geisler, of Portsmouth. During his absence at dinner some sneak thief entered the parsonage and stole $50 — all the money that the good dominie possessed. Another proof that "it is not good for man to be alone."

Vacation Notes. — The pastors of Providence and vicinity, with few exceptions, took their vacations during the month of August. Most of them have returned to their work invigorated in body and mind, and eager for an aggressive campaign for souls. The congregations at most of the churches have been unusually good during the summer. We counted 248 present at Trinity Church on one of the warmest Sundays of the summer.

Intelligent Methodists. — Readers of our own church papers are usually the most loyal, aggressive and intelligent Methodists. They are the helpers of the pastors and the most spiritual workers in the church; they know the "why of Methodism," and can therefore be depended upon to sustain all departments of the work of our church. Now is the time to increase the number of such. Intelligent Methodist, ZION'S HERALD is now offered by the publisher for fifteen months for the price of one year's subscription. An effort should be made by every pastor to place the paper in every family of the church, and certainly every official member ought to be "labored with" until he takes the paper. Brother pastors, read the announcement of the publisher to your congregation, and with little effort Providence District might double its subscription list. What a help this would be to our Conference claimants as well as to our churches! NEMO.

Washington. — The M. E. Church in this village is quite small in numbers and is struggling for an existence. Its pulpit is supplied by the pastor of the Phenix Church. The only church in the village, it would be greatly helped by the addition of a few Christian families. There is here a woolen mill that will begin work about Oct. 1. The superintendent of the mill who is secretary of the Sunday-school, in hiring employees will give the preference to Christian men and women. Information may be obtained by applying to Mr. Thomas W. Fauly, supt., Washington, R. I.

Vermont Conference.

St. Johnsbury District.

St. Johnsbury. — Mr. John Marshall, for many years a highly honored and greatly useful member of this church, has just passed to his reward. He was class-leader and assistant Sunday-school superintendent, and held a variety of other positions, all of which he filled with credit to himself and benefit to the cause. Presiding Elder Hamilton assisted Pastor Tyrie in conducting the funeral services, and the attendance was large and the grief genuine.

Coventry. — Rev. C. W. Stowell and wife, of California, have been visiting this place, greatly to the delight of their former parishioners. As a sad coincidence the mother of Mrs. Stowell died during their visit here. The last Sunday in August, Mr. Stowell preached a most excellent sermon to his many friends and the community at large. On the afternoon of the same day Rev. Chas. A. Livingstone, a contribution of our church to another denomination, preached in the town hall.

Albany. — Rev. W. S. Jenne, a former pastor here, has been visiting in town, calling upon his former parishioners.

Plainfield. — Mrs. Erastus Batcheider, after a long illness and much suffering from cancer, was released last Monday. She was a devoted Christian. The following Thursday Miss Jerusha Batcheider, another patient sufferer, was called home to her reward. Both of these elect sisters had long been identified with the church in many honorable ways.

Newport. — Rev. George O. Howe, who was released from the pastorate of this church a year ago on account of poor health, and who spent the winter in Florida, has returned greatly improved, and has gladdened the hearts of a multitude of friends by a visit at this place. He is now supplying the pulpit of the church at Randolph made vacant by the resignation of Rev. F. K. Graves to accept the principalship of the South Royalton graded schools. RETLAW.

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Bishop Warren's Inquiry Answered.

MR. EDITOR: Bishop Warren requests, through the last HERALD, that some of its readers send him the music and words of a song popular in New England fifty years ago, and quotes, incorrectly, one verse. The hymn and tune are found in "The American Vocalist," a book compiled by Rev. D. H. Mansfield, of the Maine Conference, page 350. The first verse of the hymn is: —

"Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wandering through this lonely vale?
Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger?
And will not thy courage fail?"

As for the "Wesleyan Harp," of which the Bishop inquires, I judge he has made a mistake in the title. There is a "Wesleyan Sacred Harp," published about fifty years ago, and a "Vestry Harp," by Rev. A. D. Merrill, and a "Wesleyan Psalmist," by Rev. M. L. Scudder. The "Wesleyan Sacred Harp" was compiled by McDonald and Hubbard, and published by John P. Jewett. I have a spare copy of the "Wesleyan Sacred Harp," and should be pleased to send it to Iliff School of Theology if it is the book meant by the Bishop. The "American Vocalist" we could not spare, it being a permanent gift from the author, one of my dearest friends, long since in the better land. W. MCDONALD.

An Example Worth Following.

THE Missionary Secretaries have received the following letter: —

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 13, 1897.

DEAR BRETHREN: My attention has been called to the debt-paying proposition of Rev. J. F. Steffy, of Pittsburg Conference, and I desire to respond with all possible promptness. I am not a pastor, but as a layman who has paid his annual subscription to this greatest of all causes for this Conference year, I wish to make this reasonable supplement. I am a member of the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Los Angeles, and my subscription of $20 is not designed to interfere with the subscription asked from the charge, but is designed to be additional.

May God speed the sensible plan to an early and complete consummation!

Very truly yours,
F. A. SEYMOUR.

There are thousands of laymen, men and women, who can do what Dr. Seymour has done without inconvenience or sacrifice. Let every layman who reads this, and is able to, give a personal pledge and send a postal card at once.

Their names will be entered upon a separate list and reported in the weekly bulletins that will be issued beginning with the first week of September; these personal pledges not to interfere with pledges given by pastors and congregations.

Dear brethren, will you not rise up promptly and relieve our treasury of the burden it is bearing? No money to be forwarded at present, but simply a pledge; and unless the whole debt is raised, the pledge will not be binding.

Yours in the Master's service,
A. B. LEONARD,
A. J. PALMER,
W. T. SMITH.

A Good Motto.

The following motto would work well if adopted by every pastor. It is as follows: —

"A revival in every charge."
"A Methodist paper in each home."
"All the collections taken."
"Apportionments all met."

The most significant indication of an actual improvement in industrial conditions is the report that 100,000 more men are employed by the railways of this country at present than were employed a year ago.

Record to be Proud Of.

A special wire from the headquarters of the Erie to its agency in this city makes known the fact that upon its system were handled, on account of the Grand Army encampment at Buffalo, 82,213 passengers, without the slightest injury to any one of them. This is a record that the Erie is justified in holding up to public view.

The Church Paper.

THE influence of a good religious newspaper cannot be overestimated. In our day when the facilities for communication all over the world are so great and the tendency is to disseminate that class of news which appears most shocking and sensational, should we not pause a moment to consider the claims of the religious press of this country and its missions? People express surprise at the amount of pernicious literature read. Yet in frequent places, how little have Christian parents done to check the evil by about the only possible method — namely, that of creating a better taste by a supply of better food? Who can estimate the value of a beautiful thought or a precious truth impressed upon their memory which may never be forgotten? The religious newspaper is the champion of every righteous reform, the advocate of every good cause. Although it is not a paper to supply general news, it is eminently designed to stimulate and encourage humanity; it is the ally of every pastor and church officer, and the friend of every worker. The religious paper is a great and important factor in all forms of Christian activity. It is universally the testimony of pastors that their most efficient and earnest helpers are readers of church papers. — *Christian Life.*

Business Notices.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Dr Sherman as a Preacher.

MR. EDITOR: We were much interested in our home in reading your elaborate and very just and discriminating editorial on the life and death of the Rev. Dr. David Sherman. He was our presiding elder for many years, and always greatly beloved by us and all our people — a most welcome and loving visitor at our home, as doubtless at the many other homes where his duties called him. You will not, I trust, feel that I am unkindly criticising your excellent notice of Dr. Sherman in the HERALD when I say that we who have known him and heard him preach for so many years have a different opinion of him as a *preacher*.

Perhaps he was not as attractive a preacher as are some ministers, but he always was to us — and we have no doubt to the thousands of others who have heard him — an interesting and very instructive preacher. He always had something of importance to say in the pulpit, and in such a pleasant and cheerful way that his hearers were edified and blessed. He had a commanding appearance in the sacred desk, and, so long as we knew him as a preacher, held his audience to the last. He had a somewhat *quaint* voice, but by no means an unpleasant one. I think those who knew him best and longest would never call him commonplace in the pulpit nor think of him as having a "pulpit tone." His tone when preaching was conversational and reasoning, and was never put on or unnatural.

ALONZO and HELEN SANDERSON.

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Best at night; freedom from dryness, and all tickling sensations may be secured by a small dose of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. Public speakers, singers, and professional men, find it of great use. Sweet and pleasant to the taste. Sold everywhere.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Worcester Pr. Mtg. at Webster,	Sept. 13
Providence Dist. Min. Mtg. at N. Easton,	Oct. 11, 12

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE. — Monday, Sept. 13, at 10.30 a. m., in Bromfield St. Church, Rev. Archibald McCullagh, D. D., of Worcester, will give an address on "The Educational Value of the Bible." WILL C. WOOD, Sec.

Money Letters from Aug. 30 to Sept. 6.

J C Ayer Co. C Beale, Mrs H Bragdon, C J Brown, H D Bourne. Capt. J Collins, L N Cushman. M H Davis, W B Dakeshire, M E Dunham, Winnie Derby. M C Eddy. Mrs W A Fuller. Mrs J A Harding, Mrs E R Harriman, S N Haynes. Mrs I Ingell. E B Jones. J F Leonard. Mrs F B Reed, J P Roberts. J A Steele, Levi Seavey, Mrs J P Steadman, G M Smiley. Wm Tweedie, W C Townsend, Mrs A M Tupper. W E Webster, L D Wardwell, J H Wood, F E Winslow, W C Wedge, F J Wagner, Mrs S Winter.

EXPRESSION OF THANKS. — MR. EDITOR: Please allow me a little space in the HERALD to express my sincere gratitude to the many friends — and especially to my brethren in the ministry — who have so kindly and prayerfully remembered me in this time of bereavement. I would gladly reply to each letter were it possible, but I cannot. I do wish, however, to let every one of my many sympathetic friends know that their words of Christian comfort were blessed of God to the strengthening of my heart. In the midst of my sadness comes sweet peace as I call to mind the words spoken and the Christian confidence manifested in the last hours of my dear wife's stay with us here on earth; but the richest consolation comes from the knowledge that she lived daily as seeing Him who is invisible. My Saviour is wonderfully sustaining me, and His Holy Spirit is my constant abiding Comforter.

G. WHITEFIELD SIMONSON.

Marriages.

LEE — DOTY — In Essex, Aug. 30, by Rev. Joseph Simpson, Edward Lee and Mary Williams Doty, both of Essex.

CHASE — RECORD — In Old Orchard, Me., Aug. 31, by Rev. F. Grovenor, Rev. Hezekiah Chase, of Old Orchard, and Mrs. Mahala M. Record, of Kennebunk.

OLESON — FARRAR — In Cape Elizabeth, Me., Aug. 29, by Rev. John A. Ford, Edward Oleson, of Portland, and Loletta Farrar, of Cape Elizabeth.

W. F. M. S. — The New York Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will hold its next annual meeting, Oct. 13 and 14, in Trinity Church, Albany, N. Y. The preliminary meeting of branch, conference and district officers will be held Oct. 12, at the home of Mrs. Charles Gibson, 415 State St. Will all who expect to attend this meeting send name and address to Mrs. Richard Stephens, 19 Philip St., Albany, N. Y.

W. H. M. S. — ANNUAL MEETING. — "In the name of our God we will set up our banners" with praise and thanksgiving for the crowning blessings of the past and humble petitions for Divine guidance in the future work of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the sixteenth annual meeting of whose Board of Managers will convene in Fayette St. M. E. Church, Baltimore, Md., Wednesday, Oct. 20, at 10 a. m., and continue in session one week. In this hospitable city of historic Methodism a welcome royal awaits officers, delegates and interested visitors. Let us assemble in His name in larger numbers than ever before, and in loving, prayerful service for the Master expect the richest outpouring of His Spirit to the blessing of individual hearts and the upbuilding of our work. MRS. F. A. AIKEN, Rec. Sec.

THE POETIC "PROVINCES."

Their Popularity, Like the Better Times, Keeps Constantly Growing.

The popularity of "the Provinces" is constantly on the increase, and interest in them on the part of intending tourists is by no means confined to the East. Indeed, many people are nowadays journeying from the central and far western portions of the United States to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, there to find sweet relief from the heat and monotony of the interior, as well as to revel in conditions of social life, climate and scenery entirely different from those they have been accustomed to.

Even in the case of New Englanders — thousands of whom make their summer headquarters in the Maritime Provinces — the change in these respects is a marked one, and largely explains the popularity of this favored part of the continent with our own people. There is a potent attraction about this delightfully cool, invigorating and romantic region, especially in that part of it known as "the land of Evangeline," that invariably makes one visit to it the precursor of dozens more.

August and September are two of the best months in which to make a trip to the provinces. The season is a trifle later than in New England, and the rock-girt British possessions are then in the height of their climatic glory. A tour by rail to St. John, varied, perhaps, by side trips up the St. John River, across the Bay of Fundy to Digby, the Annapolis Valley, the "Evangeline" country, Halifax, and, if possible, to Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island — this trip, or any part of it, will prove a most delightful and instructive vacation experience to any sincere lover of out-door life.

The expenditure of a two-cent postage stamp is all that is necessary in order to possess one's self of any desired information respecting these provincial tours, their cost, duration, etc. The passenger department of the Boston & Maine Railroad, Union Station, Boston, will make prompt and full reply to any such inquiries; and it is scarcely necessary to add that the facilities for "getting there" offered this season by the Boston & Maine represent the acme of comfort and celerity.

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PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

FOR 1898.

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For ZION'S HERALD.

The paper will be sent from **October, 1897,** to **January 1, 1899,** making

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If each pastor will push the canvass during the month of September, when October arrives they will have lists of new names to forward, commencing with the first issue in the month.

But few subscribers are obtained without personal effort, and when this has been made it has always brought favorable results. Let an earnest effort be made to increase the circulation of the paper on *every charge*, and many new names will be added to the subscription list.

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Our Book Table.

Asshur and the Land of Nimrod: Being an Account of the Discoveries made in the Ancient Ruins of Nineveh, Asshur, Sepharvaim, Calah, Babylon, Borsippa, Cutha and Van; including a Narrative of Different Journeys in Mesopotamia, Assyria, Asia Minor and Koordistan. By Hormuzd Rassam. With an Introduction by Robert W. Rogers, Ph. D., D. D., Professor in Drew Theological Seminary. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, $3.

This monumental work is dedicated to the Right Honorable Sir Austen Henry Layard, that pioneer among Assyrian explorers, friend of the author from his youth, and from whom much of the inspiration for his own life-work seems to have come. Nothing in modern discovery is more fruitful of interest, or borders more closely upon the romantic, than the self-sacrificing efforts of these searchers after a long-buried civilization. If we remember that the scene of their labors is the probable cradle of the race, the site of its most ancient cities and empires, and that for ages every vestige of their splendid palaces and temples, of their arts and literature, was lost, so that references to them in the Scriptures and in the ancient classics were questioned, we begin to realize the significance of these discoveries. Of especial interest are they to the Bible student because of the large place these empires have in the historical and prophetical books of the Old Testament, and the confirmation they bring to these sacred records; our interest is only increased when we come to see how marvelously the dry sands of Asia have preserved the delicate tracings of art and the invaluable literary treasures of that remote period, so that Nineveh and Babylon, as they existed in the days of Daniel and of Ezra, live again before the eyes of this nineteenth century.

The book not only records the methods and stirring adventures of the heroic explorers, with the results of their labor, but gives us graphic pictures of present-day life in the Asiatic Orient. The illustrations are from photographs taken from the objects and scenes represented, and are models of the photo-engraver's art. In paper, press-work and binding the book is all that could be desired. Three large colored charts help to make real the work of exploration. It also contains a valuable index.

Lectures on Prophecy. An Exposition of Certain Scriptures, with Reference to the History and End of the Papacy; the Restoration of the Jews to Palestine; their Repentance and Enlargement under the Reign of the Son of David; and the New State in the Millennium. By Rev. Benjamin B. Charles, D. D. Fleming H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, $1.25.

This author starts out in the very confident assurance that he has no preconceptions, and is to interpret Scripture by Scripture and arrive at fresh and unmistaken conclusions that will inevitably carry the convictions of his hearers. But it seems to us that we are walking upon very familiar premillennial paths. The subjects of his sixteen lectures clearly confirm this statement. The titles are as follows: "The Three Calamities;" "Nebuchadnezzar's Dream of the World's History;" "The Great Apostasy;" "The Moral State of the World in the Last Days;" "Bible Study on Rev. 16;" "Pouring Out the Seventh Vial;" "The Two Witnesses;" "The History and Present Condition of the Jews;" "Restoration of the Jews;" "The Jews — Continued;" "The Repentance and Enlargement of the Jews;" "The Jews;" "The Destruction of the Mystical Babylon and Call of God's People to Come Out of Her;" "When may We from Scriptures Reasonably Look for the Coming of Our Lord?" "Behold I Make All Things New;" "The Millennium."

Holiness and Power for the Church and the Ministry. By Rev. A. M. Hills. M. W. Knapp: Cincinnati, Ohio. Price, $1.15.

We are compelled to dissent from the teaching as well as the style of this book. The author is doubtless a sincere and devout advocate of holiness, so called, but we very much doubt if his labors, either with voice or pen, taking this volume as a sample, help to produce real Biblical purity in the lives of his readers or hearers. There is no originality or freshness in his writing. His method of teaching holiness is according to the prescribed way of which we have already heard too much in our very midst during these later years. His first chapter is upon "The Disease of the Church," and he seeks, by excerpts from other writers and preachers and by the extensive use of italics, to paint the church and its ministry in the darkest colors. All are apostate in the most emphatic degree. His third chapter, upon "Hindrances," is in the same strain as the first. The thought is strained and artificial, and savors very strongly of religious cant. The following paragraph, taken from the last page of this chapter, is a fair sample of the whole: "First, spirituality declines; then our keen intellectuality is ready to run after every new fad as water is to run down hill. Then, too, we lose our enthusiasm for humanity at our own doors. The caste spirit and social pride supplant all Christlike passion for souls, and we plunge into worldliness instead of following after holiness. . . . That 'Methodist stick' with which we need to be stirred is their great doctrine of sanctification by the Holy Spirit."

A Holy Life and How to Live It. By Rev. G. H. C. Macgregor, M. A., Author of "So Great Salvation." Fleming H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, 50 cents.

The title of this little book very happily suggests its contents. It is a volume upon the higher spiritual life, true to the teaching of the Master, and in lofty and gracious spirit. Its perusal cannot be otherwise than suggestive and inspiring.

Magazines.

— The *Century* for September will find eager readers in the many who wait impatiently for fresh installments of General Porter's "Campaigning with Grant." This month we are told of the "Capture of Petersburg and Richmond and Pursuit of Lee." "Browning's Summers in Brittany," superbly illustrated, will be read with avidity. "Glimpses of Gladstone," with the aid of some very realistic portraits, bring the greatest man of the age very appreciably near to the reader. "The Days of Jeanne D'Arc" increases in interest. A revolting revelation is that of E. J. Glave upon "Cruelty in the Congo Free State." (Century Co.: New York.)

— The *Missionary Review of the World* for September contains another in the very able and pertinent series of papers contributed by Dr. Pierson, the editor-in-chief, upon "Spiritual Movements of the Half Century." The one in this number is upon "Woman's Work at Home and Abroad." "The Year in Japan," by Dr. George Wm. Knox, is of special pertinency and value. There is an interesting account of "Pundita Ramabai and her Work." The other departments are full and strong. (Funk & Wagnalls: New York.)

— The *Methodist Magazine and Review* for September is superior in its illustrations. Those on "The Appian Way, and Footprints of St. Paul" — specially connected with the life of St. Paul, now being studied in all the Sunday-schools — are of unusual interest. The study of Canadian caricature has special reference to Mr. J. W. Bengough, whom the editor designates "An Artist of Righteousness." "Zinzendorf and the Wesleys," "Applied Christianity," "The Reign of King Trolley," and "Palmyra and Zenobia," are interesting articles. "The Poacher Turned Preacher" is a capital story of Yorkshire Methodism, with graphic cuts, by Rev. Robert Cade. (William Briggs: Toronto.)

— The *Homiletic Review* for September contains a notable contribution from Prof. A. H. Sayce upon "The Limitations of Archæology as a Substitute for Old-Testament History." Prof. W. C. Wilkinson writes critically upon "The Apostle Paul as Preacher." Prof. J. F. McCurdy's paper upon "Light on Scriptural Texts from Recent Discoveries" should be read as a supplement to Dr Sayce's article. One of Dr. Alexander McLaren's great sermons, entitled "When the Oil Flows," is published in this number. The whole issue is up to a very high standard of merit. (Funk & Wagnalls: New York.)

— The *Arena* for September is very much like preceding numbers in presenting a series of contributions in which extreme socialistic and populistic notions prevail, mostly from unknown writers. B. O. Flower writes in his usual extravagant vein upon "The Author of 'The Messiah'" The editor has an "Open Letter to President Andrews," in which he proffers generous advice concerning his course for the future. (Arena Company: Boston.)

— The *Treasury* for September is made up mainly of sermons and sketches of sermons. There is a special illustrated article upon Mt. Holyoke College. Prof. Francis M. Brown, of Union Theological Seminary, writes critically upon "The New 'Sayings of Jesus.'" (E. B. Treat & Co.: New York.)

— The *American Review of Reviews* for September is a vitally interesting number. This magazine has made so large and important a place for itself that no person who means to keep abreast of current events and current thought can afford to lose the reading of a single issue. The leading topics for this month are: "The Nicaragua Canal Commission," "President Andrews and the Situation at Brown," "Caucus Reform," "Canovas: Spain's Foremost Statesman." The number is fully illustrated. (Review of Reviews: New York.)

— *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* for September is a very interesting and valuable number. Among the notable contributions are: "Spanish Experiments in Coinage," "The Racial Geography of Europe," "Objects and Results of Polar Research," "When Character is Formed." The latter is exceedingly suggestive for teachers, preachers, philanthropists and reformers. In the Editor's Table, "A Woman on Woman Suffrage" is a very sane and able putting of the subject. (D. Appleton & Company: New York.)

Literary Notes.

— Ex-President Harrison's book, "This Country of Ours," will be published by the Scribners at an early date.

— The Harpers will issue in book form, in October, Mr. Poultney Bigelow's articles upon "White Man's Africa," which have appeared during the year in *Harper's Magazine*.

— The family and executors of Robert Louis Stevenson have asked Arthur T. Quiller Couch, better known to many readers as "Q.," to complete "St. Ives," Stevenson's posthumous romance, now running in *McClure's Magazine* in this country, and in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, in London.

— Mr. Anthony Hope has just finished his sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," which is entitled "Rupert of Hentzau." It will soon appear as a serial in *McClure's Magazine*, and will be illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson. Mr. Hope is to sail for America on October 9, to give a short series of readings from his own stories, under the management of Major J. B. Pond.

— The London *Academy* settles a disputed point in reference to the pronunciation of Jean Ingelow's name by stating that the "g" in the surname is soft.

— *Book News* states that a story for girls, written by the late Christina Rossetti when she was twenty years of age, is soon to be published, with the title of "Maude," by Mr. James Bowden. A brief biographical sketch of the author by Dante Gabriel Rossetti will be included in the volume.

— A number of autograph letters written to Dean Farrar by Tennyson, Browning, Lowell, Holmes, Dean Stanley and others, will be reproduced in facsimile in Dean Farrar's forthcoming book, "Men I Have Known," to be published in October by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

— Mrs. Oliphant generally wrote at night after her family and guests had retired, and she frequently wrote till early in the morning. She had one daughter, who, like her husband, died at Rome of the terrible Roman fever; she was then writing "Agnes," her most powerful story.

KIPLING'S RECESSIONAL.

THERE has been a marked tendency among reviewers and critics of Rudyard Kipling's great jubilee poem — "The Recessional" — to treat it as a new phenomenon, the expression of a spirit altogether unwonted in his writings. Even Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, writing from London to the September *Bookman*, has a similar tone. Speaking of the verses, he writes: "Their high religious tone is in strange contrast with much of Mr. Kipling's patriotic poetry, and many have felt as if they had witnessed a conversion more complete and more sudden than has ever been accomplished in the annals of the Salvation Army."

This sort of talk shows a surprising misconception of Kipling's real motives. So far from being held in the background, the religious motive has been not merely prominent but dominant in his work. Of course Kipling has not preached; making hymns and public prayers has not been his business, yet expressions of sincere and genuine religion mark even his earliest work. Not even the "Recessional" itself can show any advance in simple, heart-felt piety and reverence over this hymn, in dedication of one of his earliest books and published in India more than twelve years ago: —

"Lo! I have wrought in common clay
Rude figures of a rough-hewn race!
For pearls strew not the market-place
In this my town of banishment,
Where with the shifting dust I play
And eat the bread of Discontent.

"Yet is there life in that I make.
O Thou who knowest, turn and see!
As Thou hast power over me,
So have I power over these,
Because I wrought them for Thy sake
And breathed in them mine agonies.

"Small mirth was in the making. Now
I lift the cloth that cloaks the clay.
And, wearied, at Thy feet I lay
My wares ere I go forth to sell.
The long bazar will praise — but Thou —
Heart of my heart, have I done well?"

Nor is this an isolated utterance. Coming as it does at the beginning of Kipling's career, it marks the pervading spirit of his work. As little as any other gentleman can he be garrulous about his religion. Yet it is constantly and discoverably present. I don't know where to look for a more sympathetic appreciation of the devotion and self-sacrifice that is practiced in the name of Christ than Kipling gives in his story, "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot," in the volume, "Many Inventions." And in the same volume under the title "The Children of the Zodiac," there is a defence and justification for preaching such as St. Paul himself might say amen to. I have often felt that if ever on the brink of the ministry a man were to halt for doubt of results or want of a message, the gospel contained in that allegory should fix his resolve.

Instead of being wanting in religious feeling, I suspect Kipling has often with difficulty restrained himself from too frequent expression of it, for the utterance when it comes is torrential. There was a world of meaning straining behind the words of the verses to Walcott Balestier printed at the front of the ballads: "Who had done his work, and held his peace, and had no fear to die," and the rest. And none of us can forget the splendid burst at the close of the last poem in his latest book of verses, "The Seven Seas," full of religious prophecy: —

"And only the Master shall praise us and only the Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things as They Are."

In a sense best of all, however, is the prayer in the "Hymn Before Action," because it comes from the hearts of men at their extremity, when all the veneer of ordinary custom and all the pretence of conventional and sheltered life is brushed away. This is Kipling's conception of the cry of brave men when their hearts are laid bare: —

"Cloak Thou our underserving,
Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and unswerving,
To taste Thy lesser death."

To him the ultimate of utterance is prayer. So it has been throughout. Though he has maintained the reserve and reticence of any manly man about his faith, no writer of our time is more vitally religious in spirit. The poet who has ended his latest book as he began his first, with a prayer, is certainly not a subject for the solicitude of the Salvation Army. — W. B. PARKER, in *Boston Transcript*.

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Obituaries.

Wade. — After 56 years of earthly life, Mrs. Sarah Kimball Wade was transferred from her home in North Easton, Mass., to her mansion in heaven, July 13, 1897.

The real life of Mrs. Wade began when she was thirty-one years of age. At that period, being deeply impressed with the necessity of living for Christ, she intelligently and decidedly consecrated herself to Him under the faithful ministry of Rev. Elisha M. Dunbham. Her conversion was clear, and the Christian life which followed was steady and undeviating. She united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in North Easton, in May, 1873. One of the first things she did after identifying herself with the church was to subscribe for ZION'S HERALD, which she continued to take until her death. She possessed a quiet and gentle disposition, but was thoroughly and earnestly loyal to Christ and His church. She was actively interested in every work that pertained to the prosperity if Christ's kingdom. The very hour when she was prostrated by paralysis, which, in a few days, ended in death, she was dressed to go out to do Christian work. She was "not weary in well-doing." As a member of the board of stewards, her part was well and promptly performed.

The funeral service was conducted by her pastor, Rev. H. D. Robinson, in her home, every room of which was filled with loving friends who had been attracted by her kind and consistent life. May the blessing of God abide upon her sorrowing husband who keenly feels his loss! H. D. ROBINSON.

Davis. — Ichabod Davis died of heart failure in North Shapleigh, Me., June 26, 1897, aged 73 years, 3 months, and 16 days.

Mr. Davis was converted at the age of fifteen in Berwick, Me., under the labors of Rev. Robert Tash, and joined the Free Baptist Church in that place. Later he came to Shapleigh, where he married Miss Hannah Ham. Here he joined the Methodist Church, and was always a consistent Christian, ever faithful in his Master's service, praying and exhorting, warning sinners and telling them the way of life and salvation.

But we hear his voice no more. Suddenly he was stricken down, and after a few short hours of intense suffering he quietly passed away. He leaves a wife, one brother and three sisters to mourn their loss.

Over a year ago he had a long sickness, and was not expected to live. He then settled his business affairs, and chose these words for his funeral text: "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children" (Luke 23: 28), which words were used by Rev. E. N. C. Barnes at his funeral. Although we thought he would die then, yet he was spared a little longer to testify of the goodness of God. He seemed to have a presentiment of his death, often speaking as though his time was short. Sunday night, in prayer-meeting, he quoted the words of Christ, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments," as the closing sentence of his testimony, and said it might be his last service. Monday afternoon he called on a sick neighbor, and it is said that he prayed as he was never heard to pray before. We have all lost a friend, and the cause a faithful worker. L. S. D.

Cochran. — Erasmus Henry Cochran was born in Monmouth, Maine, Jan. 1, 1816, and died in Rockland, Maine, May 23, 1897.

Mr. Cochran was converted in early life and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church when fifteen years of age. His name has been upon the church roll for sixty-six years; and he has filled with eminent faithfulness its different official trusts. He was superintendent of the Sabbath-school for more than twenty years; for many years one of the trustees and for a long time treasurer of the board, all the funds received and used in the erection of the spacious church passing through his hands; the office of recording steward, by annual election, was held by him for a few months more than forty years. In all of these trusts he proved himself worthy of the confidence placed in him.

He was his pastor's helper. To his pastor who was appointed to that relation April 26, he said: "I would like to live a little longer to help you." But his work on earth was done, and well done. After four weeks of great suffering he passed to his rest. A few days before his last on earth, he replied to a question respecting the presence of the Lord Jesus: "I have served Him many years, and He will not forsake me now."

For many years he was in the insurance business, having the unquestioning confidence of all with whom he did business.

More than fifty-seven years ago he married Miss Hannah Ayer. His home was one of love, beauty, purity and peace. Its doors were ever open to the messengers of the church and every benevolent work. His wife and daughter, Mrs. Rev. J. R. Baker, survive him.

In his church work he was equally the companion, the sympathizing friend and adviser of the old and the young. A good man, on the other side he awaits the coming of the loved of earth and the final conquest of the King whom he served. C. A. P.

Miller. — Mary Eliza (Dow) Miller was born in Gardiner, Me., April 25, 1848, and died June 8, 1897, in Haverhill, Mass., where she had lived since 1851.

Her parents, Benjamin and Eliza A. Dow, were honored servants of God. She was married to Edward C. Miller, Nov. 28, 1869. In 1871 she united with the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Haverhill.

Oh, how she loved the church of her choice, and how intense her interest in all that pertained to its welfare! From the beginning of her church life she was a teacher in the Sunday-school, and for several years was a very successful superintendent of the primary department. Her broad intelligence and aptness for teaching, her conscientious and thorough preparation for her Sabbath work, her great variety of object teachings, her visitations of scholars and kind helping of the needy, made her a woman of commanding influence in her position. The people esteemed and loved her for her beautiful Christian character and appreciated and were grateful for her usefulness.

Her sickness extended through many months, but her repose in God's love and goodness was never disturbed. A kind Providence tenderly provided for her decline the affectionate ministrations of the last survivor of the family — her devoted sister, Mrs. Alonzo W. Cram.

The mother has gone to meet the beloved daughter, and the bereaved husband and father waits alone his turn to follow. Her words in the sick-room were precious.

Her pastor, the writer, conducted the funeral services at her beautiful home, and the body of our beloved sister was laid to rest until the resurrection. C. D. HILLS.

Keene. — Mrs. Fannie S. Osborn Keene was born in Seward, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1846, and departed this life at Milford, Mass., July 4, 1897.

Mrs. Keene was so intense in her living that her fifty years made a long life. Born in a Methodist parsonage, earnestly surrendered to God at ten years of age, her whole life abounded in the highest type of service. Among the friends of childhood, and later while a student at Fort Edward Institute, she was untiring in her efforts to lead others into the experience by which her own life had been so enriched. In 1866, when twenty years of age, she married Major A. W. Keene, of Milford, Mass. Seven years were spent in Charlestown, while Mr. Keene was deputy warden of the State Prison, and the remainder of her married life was spent in Milford.

For several years Mrs. Keene has suffered, much of the time most acutely, from nervous disorders, so that the day of release was longed for earnestly. When the summons came she said to her sister: "I shall have a new body, beautiful, free from disease and pain. I am so glad to go."

Mrs. Keene was always a marked personality in the community and church. She loved God and lived so in communion with Him that her testimonies had always an originality born of new experiences that made them a blessing to the hearers. Her pastors always found her sympathetic with them in their efforts and very helpful, often doing much personal work and visiting from house to house. While a member of Trinity Church, Charlestown, she conducted with great success a large class of young men, many of whom were greatly helped by her efforts in their behalf. Possessed of a bright and active intellect and refined tastes, her piety was so intelligent as to command the respect of all. Through these years of intense suffering her cheerful disposition and unfailing faith in the wisdom of the Father have been a lesson to all who have been permitted to know her. We rejoice in the noble example of her life and the hope of the fuller life where disease cannot distress.

She leaves a father and mother, Rev. and Mrs. Amos Osborn, honored veterans of the Troy Conference, a husband, adopted daughter, one sister and two brothers, who deeply mourn their loss. LUTHER FREEMAN.

Ackley. — Joseph S. Ackley, who passed on to his better home above, Aug. 1, 1897, was born in East Hampton, Conn., in 1827, of good and upright parents, his mother being a member of the Baptist Church.

In 1848 Rev. Henry Torbush was pastor of the M. E. Church in Moodus, Conn., and in a gracious revival of religion both Mr. Ackley and his father were happily converted. He soon moved to Manchester, Conn., where about that time Rev. G. W. Brewster became the first pastor of the Methodist Church, which soon became a vigorous society. Mr. Ackley united at once with the new church enterprise, and in a variety of capacities he served the church of God with all the devotion of his soul.

He was married at the age of twenty-four to Miss Laura Miner, and together the devoted couple toiled as humble Christian workers. A son and a daughter were born to them — the son, Rev. Joseph B. Ackley, is a member of the New England Southern Conference, and now stationed at Gale's Ferry, Conn.; and the daughter, Mrs. Rosie J. Jones, lives at Hockanum, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. Ackley toiled early and late to educate their son for the ministry to which God called him, having graduated from Wesleyan University. The son and daughter lose by his death a loving and devoted father, the Manchester Church loses a faithful and consistent Christian member, and the community a man in whose piety all believed. He held various offices in the church a large part of the forty-six years he was a member here. He was a class-leader, for which he had great adaptability, a steward, a trustee, a Sunday-school teacher, and for seventeen years before his decline in health and vigor he was the efficient and competent sexton of the church. His Christian life was of the most humble and faithful character, in business as well as in the church. His chief thought was to help everybody he knew to know his Saviour also, and many will rise up in the last day to call him blessed.

Thirteen years ago he moved to a farm in Vernon, Conn., where, May 3, 1888, his devoted wife was taken from him by death. Paralysis soon attacked him, and for three years prior to his death, spent principally at his daughter's, he suffered greatly. As he neared the end his faith remained vigorous and his hope brightened. His constant inquiry was: "How does the cause of Christ triumph?" To be in his company was a benediction, for he was perfectly resigned to God's will, yet desiring to go to the companionship of wife and Saviour above.

And thus a true and valued laborer, who "finished his course with joy" and "kept the faith," is "garnered home" "as a shock of corn fully ripe." His funeral took place, Aug. 3, from the church he loved, and for which he toiled so diligently. E. P. PHREANER.

Basford. — Mrs. Sophia Basford, who died at Richmond, Me., Aug. 17, 1897, was the daughter of Enoch and Martha Gove, and was born in Washington, Me., March 8, 1819.

In early girlhood she joined the Baptist Church, but after her marriage to Jonas Besse, Oct. 26, 1837, she sought admission to the M. E. Church, of which her husband was already a member. Mr. Besse died in 1871, and his widow, some three years later, was united in marriage with Wm. P. Basford, who died in September, 1895.

Mrs. Basford displayed a genuine interest in the movements of the church, and with the husband of her early days welcomed the Methodist preachers to her home and hospitality. A woman of well-nigh tireless energy and activity, she spared herself no pains in the interest of the good cause. She rested her hope of heaven on Jesus Christ, and only a short while before her death expressed a desire soon to enter on its unending joys.

Of her six children only three survive to lament their loss — Frank W. Besse, of Boston, Mass.; Rev. C. B. Besse, D. D., of Carbondale, Ill.; and Lettie E. Blair, of Richmond, Maine. Here is the blessedness of those who die in the Lord. HOSEA HEWITT.

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Review of the Week.

Tuesday, August 31.

— Severe earthquake, followed by a fatal tidal wave, in Japan. A thousand houses inundated and two hundred persons killed and injured.

— Terrible forest fires raging in Montana, near Anaconda.

— Opening of the American Social Science Association at Saratoga.

— Dedication of Runnells Memorial Hall at Chocorua, N. H.

— Signing of a commercial treaty between Japan and Portugal.

— The Czar decides upon the partial abolition of exiling criminals to Siberia, and substitutes therefor confinement in the large central prisons in Russia.

— The Dominion Bank at Napanee, Ont., robbed of $32,000. No trace of the burglars yet discovered.

— Fourteen men badly burned by the upsetting of molten metal in a foundry at Ansonia, Conn.

— The Zionist Congress at Basle, Switzerland, unanimously and enthusiastically adopts the program for re-establishing the Hebrews in Palestine.

Wednesday, September 1.

— Opening of the Tremont and Boylston St. portion of the Subway in this city.

— The nomination of Seth Low for mayor of Greater New York formally announced by the Citizens Union.

— Skaguay residents warn the public not to attempt to reach the Yukon this fall.

— Two battles in Cuba reported.

— President Faure warmly welcomed back to Paris.

— Opening of the Victorian Era Exhibition at Toronto, Canada.

— Heavy frosts in the Northwest.

Thursday, September 2.

— The Boston Subway a great success. Upward of 60,000 people rode through it yesterday. Ninety cars an hour taken from Tremont St.

— Remarkable falling off of immigration into the United States.

— Marriage of Miss Fanny Hayes, daughter of ex-President R. B. Hayes, and Ensign H. E. Smith of the U. S. Navy.

— The corporation of Brown University requests President Andrews to withdraw his resignation.

— Increase in public debt for August, $14,768,475.

— Bursting of the boiler of the yacht "Winona" on Lake Champlain. Twelve persons on board narrowly escape death.

Friday, September 3.

— Swedish-Americans send King Oscar a silver allegorical group to commemorate the completion, on Sept. 18, of twenty-five years on the throne.

— The King of Siam lunches with Bismarck.

— Four Alpine tourists swept into a crevasse and lost, while trying to ascend Mont Pleurer.

— The amount of money in circulation in this country on Sept. 1, $1,665,680,098.

— Commercial intercourse between France and Russia to be developed.

— Gold sells at a premium of 143 per cent. in the City of Mexico.

— The Postmaster General issues an order establishing a mail service to the Klondike region.

Saturday, September 4.

— The end of the miners' strike at hand.

— The Jackson-Harmsworth expedition returns from Franz Josef's Land after an absence of three years.

— Seth Low accepts the nomination of the Citizens Union for mayor of Greater New York.

— Prince Bismarck skeptical regarding the Franco-Russian alliance.

— The receivers of the Massachusetts Benefit Life Association ordered by the court to wind up its affairs.

— Secretary Sherman and M. Patenotre, the French ambassador, discuss the proposed treaty of reciprocity with France.

Monday, September 6.

— Seth Low to resign the presidency of Columbia before entering upon the campaign for the mayoralty.

— Five people killed and twenty-five or thirty injured by an explosion of natural gas in Broad Ripple, a suburb of Indianapolis, Ind.

— Native rulers in India offer the services of their troops against the rebels.

— Reports received from the Michipicoten gold fields, Canada, indicate that they are nearly as rich as the Klondike.

— One person killed and 38 badly injured by the derailment of an excursion train on the Maine Central Railroad from Dover and Foxcroft to Etna camp-ground.

— The Egyptian cotton crop double that of ten years ago, and worth $5,000,000 more than that of 1896.

— Schooner "Agnes I. Grace" of Bangor, Me., lost off the Georgia coast.

— The Vigilance Committee of Skaguay, in the Klondike region, begins to punish offenders against the moral code.

— Disappearance of Charles M. Charnley, an elder of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Chicago, treasurer of its parish benevolent society, and treasurer of the National Presbyterian Society, charged with the embezzlement of over $115,000.

— Opening of the 32d annual session of the U. S. Veterinary Association, at Nashville, Tenn.

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If any one is interested in a roll-top desk there is a chance to secure one this week at a ridiculous low figure by taking advantage of the offer to college students made in another part of this paper by the Paine Furniture Company.

MAGICAL DAYS IN NEW MEXICO.

Louise Dunham Goldsberry.

DOWN the valley! All the long night's starriness sentient in the tawny day-break. Ah! that seraphic night through the Rockies! Every cup of darkness among the peaks, floating jewels. Star chains looped from peak to peak, girdling the horizon. Such wide-open skies! Such glitter and splendid silence! With the spicy breath of junipers blowing in the car-windows. Anon a shadow hung gorge, with ropes and web and tatters of the shine of the skies splintering the black. All the leaning cliffs stippled and veined and wrought with filaments of silver. Just a breathless surprise of the mountain midnight, and the dawn began. All the horizons a blur of ranges. A peach-blow tinge behind the dusk, higher, vivider, richer, till the peaks were hung in feather robes of topaz and pearl. Such gorgeous up-rolling clouds over the mountains! Such lucid ambers and dazzle of violet! Where the dark lightened slowest one great dissolving planet swam in a sea of blood. Then the red waves rolled over it, and suddenly the gold-flood poured down the valley and the sands shone like a vast tideless ocean of fine gold. Streaks of fairest green brinded the mountains. The mesa opened its cactus-cups, the smell of a dewless night sweet through the expanding morning.

New Mexico! Albuquerque! All the uprising and phantasy of day out of the shadow-fringed mountains are in heart's mood. All the book-folk of this Montezuman land troop over the sands. Passionate love and passionate death. The Rio Grande crawls along his quicksands. All the sky is a burning passion-flower; not a fleck of *cirri* pearls the purple. The twin of you that never was born looks out of the beautiful heavens - the self of you you've kept fettered in lace and silk and wimple of custom.

Double stars show to the bare eye. No loitering chiaroscuro, but sudden enveloping of all the landscape in lovely brown twilight. Never skies so throbbingly, densely crowded, so gloriously open to earth. Like the shutting of Indian eyes under dark fringe, the day has gone and the heavens are blossoming.

A broad slope of sands makes the Rio's farther bank; then a cindery band of black lava, fifty feet deep — a marvelous velvety black, rising sheer out of the shining sands. Always in most effulgent noontide, that lusterless, splendid cinder-belt. Three crater-cones top it—ragged, beautiful, intensely black in the sun-flood, spun over with gorgeous cryptogams, fine as bodiless etchings on the honey-combed cones and great lava-wrinkles where the hot flood had stiffened and corrugated. Miles on miles stretch westward to the cloud-coifed Socorros. Lava-fields in cinderous waves. A sand-storm is forming off against the blue San Dia; it touches the clouds with luridness. The charm of fierce motion that casts no sound across the river; obliteration of the ranges; murk and dull all the valley; not a quiver of air or sound reaches us; yet we know it is full of hissing and moan and dumb suggestions of sound that has no name. The still splendor of absolute isolation is about us. A puff of wind touches the bleak lava-meadows; a sudden gleam as of a silver crested wave goes over them, a ripple of the feather-tipped grasses.

So still! The sun is nearly past the far peaks. A creamy tinge fulls in the atmosphere. Twenty miles off the long, lovely San Dia ranges stand out in heavenly bas-relief, startlingly distinct; a rose-tinge is over them, delicate and warm as a brier-rose petal — an exquisite, incomprehensible, roseate veil, from the hollowy and serrate summits to the sand-river of glowing gold at the base. The pine-forests rest shiningly against the bald cliffs, radiant bright lines of green. A slip of a young moon curves in the east, thin and fulgent, like an Indian torque. The horses' hoofs make sucking sound as they sink ankle-deep in the sand. Almost like a polished mirror the surface of the finer sand at side of us, sifted by the winds. We ford the Rio Grande, a crawling, almost quiescent, thread of shallows. All the meadow-mud is crisp and curled; stray streamers of water bar it, and shine back ribbons of sky. All at once the skies are a-bloom — like fields of silver wheat. The dusk is delicious with alfalfa fragrance, the ditches brimming with influx of irrigating waters that trickle over and make splashy pools under the wagon wheels. The tinkle of a Spanish guitar throbs in the sweet gloom — a singing, sighing, loving guitar. A group of men and women hurries up the lane yonder, lamps burning and smoking.

A perfect day in the arms of a perfect night.

And the old Tijeras Pass Mountain heights on the inner hand, yawning *arroya* on the outer. There are wooden troughs over the breaks in the road-edge for carrying the precious water. A goat-herd is bringing his flock down from pasturage. Here is a shrine — a tiny mud room with a gaudy altar behind the iron-grated open window; paper flowers and glass vases; and a passionless Virgin. It is Sunday, yet from the Mexican inn the other side the road comes sinful sound — thump, thump of feet, shrill of laughters, *allegro* of tipsy guitar. And the holy peaks are beautiful in the still sunshine; the azure skies seem to touch them and rest upon them.

Here and there among the branched cacti is an abandoned shaft, a dug-out — graveyards of feverish hopes. Dark pits half-filled with water, and keeping their rusty deserted windlass. And the changeful song in the pines!

Beautiful New Mexico! With its ravishment of coloring and nature's vagaries!

Red-aproned squaws squat on depot and store-step — pottery, basket and fruit-sellers. A black skirt that shows every contour reaches to the knees, and is pinned together up one side with a dozen silver quarters. Strings of many-colored beads are about the dusky throat, the last strung with seven crosses of coin-silver, the middle cross double and five inches in length. Great silver hoops are in the small ears, heavy silver bands on the slim wrists. Their legs are thick-wrapped with buck-skin. The heavy black fringe of hair is pulled sideways over the forehead, straight and loose under the shawl that is the inevitable head-gear. A width of white muslin hangs loosely from between her shoulders down her back. She is lovable, this young Pueblo, with her moccasined feet and silent smile and little hands. Something attracts you to her. She takes a fold of your dress in questioning fingers, with that child-like upward lift of the soft black eyes. She even touches your cheek with her slender bronze fingers. "Pritty," says she. A fat baby in single calico slip sleeps in its reed cradle on her lap, its arms bound down and a queer woven reed canopy over its head. And the hideous old Indian squatted in the dust beside is owner of the *tout ensemble*.

When you have found the Indian heart, it is all yours. My pretty Stiya clung to me the night of farewell, and slipped a silver bracelet from her wrist to mine. "I want you to have it because I love you," said the slow sweet voice, and as I kissed her soft brown cheek my eyes were as wet as her own. Always the quick responsive smile, the touch of expressive hand in passing, the continual gifts — cacti, horned toads delicately tinted as Japanese china, bits of lucid agate and bulbous calcite, a knife-sheath painted and beaded and jingly from San Carlos, and baskets and pottery, besides huge bunches of the exquisite wild sunflower. Ah! those sunflowers, acres of them, riant along every ditch, tawny and orange umbell, ever following the adorable sun; small, velvety, a very symphony of gold against the sand and mountain-horizons. And the threshing of grain under hoofs of corralled horses, driven hurly-burly, neck to neck, trampling it out. And the winnowing out the chaff. Great wooden spatules toss it in air, the winds sift it and the milky kernels lie in a beautiful heap on the black ground. The tiny one-roomed adobe has its door open, and the woman sits with her children on the hard mud floor. Ruby peppers — chili — hang in festoons against the dull mud outside wall, looped in vivid strings from corner to corner. A ladder leans against the house, a man promenading the flat roof, and a cactus grows aloft on one corner.

It is all a delicious remembrance — the yellows and browns and gorgeous rainbow-rays on the mountains, and churning storms between ranges while all the valley was gold-swathed and glowing — all a splendid and ineffaceable kaleidoscope, in which to peer with longing eyes in other days.

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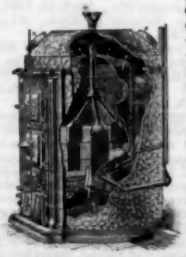
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